

The Listener

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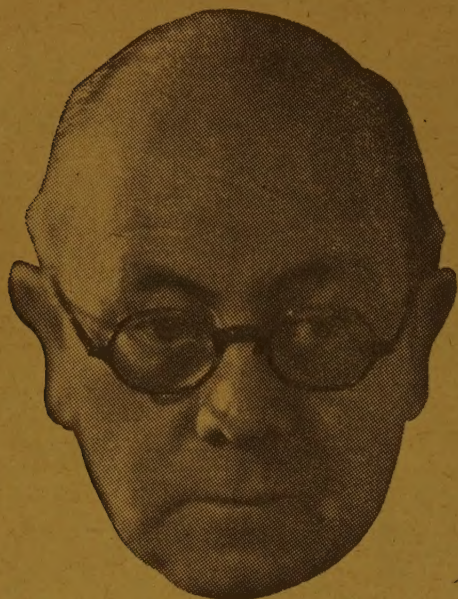


The opening of the nineteen-twenties (see pages 211 and 229)

In this number:

‘Prague under Communism’, ‘When an Atomic Bomb Bursts’,
‘Can Influenza be Reduced?’

CHINA BRAINS TRUST



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The Listener

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Central Europe through the Iron Curtain

By L. R. MURAY

THE war in Korea has, for the moment, pushed Central Europe somewhat into the back of people's minds. But we can be pretty certain that that part of the Continent is going to trouble us again before long. Don't forget, the last two world wars started there. Indeed, the Germans, the nation most intimately concerned with Central Europe, have waged five wars in the last hundred years to find out how far they could push its frontiers. Central Europe is dangerous, I think, chiefly because the people who live there and the nations that live on its boundaries have never been able to agree where Central Europe begins and where it ends. For the last four years I have worked there as a newspaper correspondent, chiefly in the eastern half, and I am going to try to describe something about the attitude of the people there to the present phase of the struggle between the west and the communist east.

To start with, it is not so easy to find out about people's real attitude. They will talk to you easily enough, even on the other side of that Great Divide called the Iron Curtain. I remember one meeting in Budapest a year ago on a raw winter evening. That night I walked for hours up and down a deserted embankment by the river Danube. At that time the embankment was still called Montgomery Quay, in honour of the commander of what had been for one brief summer an allied army. High above, the lights of the ancient Turkish fortress on the hill blinked uncertainly under dark rushing clouds. At our feet, a cold, indifferent river swept by silently. My companion was an important government official. He had taken a calculated risk to meet me, but the urge to talk about his hopes and fears and those of his friends had been stronger than his caution.

But people do talk; in fact, people on the other side of the Iron Curtain, I have found, are sometimes more willing to tell you something than important business men in Western Germany or Austria who are doing well. But remember this: more often than not, people's talk reflects their feelings and wishes, their dreams and disappointments, their interests of the moment only: and that is quite natural. Another point that is rather obvious—people don't generally act as they talk; we all know that. Suppose a foreign journalist had judged the determination of the British people to win the last war against the Germans on what he had managed to pick up from the grumbling in a Naafi canteen! And often they don't act at all, especially in a dictatorship. It is not so easy to find out what people really think. One has to turn for one's guidance to the history of a people, to the traditional pattern of their lives, to their recent experiences and to the beliefs and prejudices that events have produced and are still producing. Then, perhaps, one can guess a little more reliably how far talk represents opinion that is hardening into an attitude one will have to reckon with.

Take the experiences of the nations of Central Europe since 1914. Defeat, the end of three great empires, inflation, dictatorship, war, occupation. They have seen the rise and fall of kings, generals, and party leaders. The hero and champion of one day turned out to be the next day's criminal, hated and despised. What is more, they have seen the rise and fall, the good living and the ruin, of the fellow round the corner whom they knew, the man who was a smug little official with his pension rights assured, or a dashing little party boss who made some extra money by pulling strings. They have witnessed mass murder and mass starva-

tion, area bombing, street fighting and looting. East of the Iron Curtain they have seen thousands of members of the Communist Party purged—old members who had become suspect, new members who had proved too clumsy opportunists. In most cases expulsion from the party meant losing one's job and one's home. West of the Curtain they have seen the Nazis gradually regaining position and often influence—the people who had been sent to the wilderness five years ago.

Anti-Russian Feeling

Therefore people in Central Europe feel all the time that things as they are will not last. That feeling has almost become an instinct. I will give you an example—perhaps an extreme one. A banker in Budapest had been arrested by the communist police. His family managed to slip him a message telling him they were trying to get him out by using the influence of friends. He sent a message back asking them not to bother, the communists would be chased out of Hungary in a few weeks' time anyway. That was two years ago. This feeling that things will not last is found on both sides of the Iron Curtain. After all, it is little more than five years since Central Europe was divided at the end of the war, and hardly three since the Iron Curtain came down in earnest. That is too short a time for people to change their ways of thinking and feeling. The revolution introduced by the communists has changed people's circumstances, but not their attitude. That attitude is not a matter of simple black and white, but of billowing clouds of greys—greys of different shades and shape, but greys all the same. Under the surface in the east, and plainly visible in the west of Central Europe, there is an attitude of disillusioned wariness about the case both Russia and the west are presenting to the Central Europeans. The overwhelming majority of people on both sides of the Curtain are against the Russians, some because they are Russians, others because they are communists.

But disillusioned wariness and anti-Russian feelings can go well together. They add up to little in the way of resolve. But there is this difference between the eastern and western half of Central Europe. In the western half one can hear the arguments employed in the discussion. In the eastern half one cannot. In the eastern half the communists are doing everything to put across their point of view and their picture of events. In the west the argument remains inconclusive, and that it has not been clinched is, I am sure, chiefly because the ideas of the Germans and Austrians are still very different from those of the Western Allies: they differ greatly about what the cause of the west should really be.

But east of the Iron Curtain the Communist Governments work twenty-four hours a day to ram it home to the people that their regime is there to stay. No opportunity is lost to make ordinary people commit themselves by cajoling them into supporting the communist cause and government publicly. The methods employed are often indirect and subtle. The Hungarian Government, for instance, had 220,000 local councillors elected recently. Those put on the list had little choice but to accept. Now they represent the Communist Government to their neighbours. A fair proportion are young men and women who have never held an office, and they are flattered by their new importance and prestige.

Here is another example. Nowadays selected members of the Catholic and Protestant clergy appear at meetings and take an active part in campaigns like the peace campaign or that in support of the North Koreans. The presence of pro-communist priests bewilders the faithful and impresses them at the same time. It lends a respectability to a cause they know is the wrong one. On the other hand, it is true that all this propaganda costs a lot of time and effort and keeps many thousands of people busy who can ill be spared elsewhere. In the long run it weakens the regime.

West of the Iron Curtain that feeling that things will not last has more immediate weakening effects. In western Central Europe people are free despite, or rather because of, the occupation. In the first place they are able to spend their earnings as they like,

and having little confidence in the future, they prefer to live well while they can. Business men who can afford it salt away their profits in safe currencies. Those who know the ropes do trade with the east. It is good business, and one builds up some goodwill, too, which one may need in the future.

At this moment, the struggle between east and west is centred on Korea and the fighting there. But it remains, ultimately, a struggle for men's souls. It is therefore important how people in Central Europe size up the military events in the Far East. The peoples of Central Europe have a long military, and militarist, tradition—that of the German and Imperial Austrian armies. And in Central Europe military power is military power on land, infantry, guns, armour. Success in war is still measured in square miles of conquered territory, in prisoners you can see or read about. As to sea power, the unremitting effort to keep the sea lanes open, the gradually mounting effect of navies operating thousands of miles away, all this is something outside their vision. The decisive importance of sea power occurs to them after the event like a clue they overlooked in a thriller although it was plain to see from the start. The bombed cities of Germany show what air power can do, and people have not forgotten—though sometimes, I am afraid, they seem to have forgotten who started it all. But the eastern half of Central Europe saw relatively little bombing. For most people the last unmistakable proof of defeat came with the first allied troops entering their towns. And many people saw Russian troops first. Many have never seen others.

There remains the atom bomb. In eastern Central Europe two or three years ago, among peasants and townspeople the power of the bomb was a magic wand that would get the war over and the communists ousted, literally in a flash. It was a thing to day-dream about. In Czechoslovakia people imagined at one time that in order to stop the Russians, scores of bombs would be dropped right across the Continent to establish a radioactive curtain no army could pass. They thought this curtain would go right through their country, and that worried those who heard the tale. And in one Hungarian village I was asked by a communist deputy, a peasant woman (who incidentally had never heard of the term 'class struggle'), whether an atom bomb would be dropped on her village because they had voted for her. Could I tell the authorities in America not to? But since it has become known that the Russians have the bomb, day-dreaming has become uncertain. The bomb has just added to fear and confusion. For the moment it seems to have lost its decisiveness.

Moral Warfare

To people in Central Europe the course of the fighting in Korea has confirmed their belief, their prejudice perhaps, that wars are fought and won on land, by ground troops. The numbers that the Russians and Chinese can put into the field loom as large as life in the minds of Central Europeans. The communists and Russians are also trying hard to show up the Americans and United Nations as cruel and inhuman in their conduct of the war in Korea. They distribute pictures of bombed towns and executions carried out by the South Koreans. Why do they do this? Because they know, as experienced revolutionaries, that the moral defences of their adversaries must be down before they can hope to succeed. So they want to put the Western Powers morally in the wrong in the eyes of the Central Europeans. The lesson seems plain to me: it is to give a moral lead once more to the nations of Central Europe. How can this be done? Plainly by acting on one's principles even where it hurts, even where we seem to forgo a momentary tactical or material advantage. The principle of common humanity, the application of the maxim 'Two wrongs don't make a right', has always triumphed when applied with courage and resolution—even in the short run. If the west sticks to this it might yet rid Central Europe, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, of its fear, and of its acceptance of the big battalions.—*North of England Home Service*

Prague under Communism

An anonymous Englishman's first-hand impressions

I CAME to live in Czechoslovakia just after the war ended, and the thing that struck me most then was the enthusiasm. People were enjoying freedom again for the first time since Munich. There was ill health and shortages; the children had spindly legs, and there were many people who bore the marks of their years in concentration camps, and there was a blistering hatred of Germans. But above all there was hope. For this democracy—and I use the word in the western sense—was preparing to rebuild itself. It was not like Hungary or Bulgaria or other countries of eastern Europe: it was a country with ties both in the east and the west, with a social structure not unlike our own, a solid liberal-thinking middle class, a balanced economy and a living, healthy culture.

I want to discuss what I have seen happen to Czechoslovakia since the communist coup of 1948. To begin with, why did this coup succeed? Why was there not more resistance? As far as the coup is concerned I can answer that from my own experience. The people were taken by surprise. Although there was a communist Minister of the Interior in the Coalition Government and he controlled the police, and although I constantly heard talk of what the Communist Party *might* do, I doubt whether many understood what was going on when the coup took place. I saw a long procession trailing through a snowstorm to hear Gottwald—he is the Prime Minister now—speaking in the Old Town Square, and somebody laughed, 'They can't make a revolution in this weather!' I remember later coming across a vast silent cordon of police, flung in a wide arc around a bookshop. All was quiet and remained quiet, and a small, uncomprehending crowd on the opposite pavement gaped in silence. We could not understand what the children with armbands and rifles were up to in shops and offices. But later a grim-looking militia paraded the streets, and it was clear enough what it was doing.

By the time most people understood what had happened we were under a communist regime quite visibly maintained by force—many of the police carried tommy-guns, as they still do. Within a week of the coup every Czech newspaper carried the party line. The scores of papers reflecting the different political views were now all more or less identical—in fact the news itself was often reported in exactly the same words. The radio had immediately become a party instrument. It was noticeable that though President Beneš had always spoken on the air at any time of crisis before, he did not speak while the coup was going on.

The only way we could hear outside news was through foreign broadcasts, for receivers have not yet been called in and quite a number of people have shortwave sets. There is a very great deal of listening to B.B.C. broadcasts and they are easily audible. I cannot forget the sight of groups of news-hungry listeners huddled nervously around a receiver—for of course they had to listen in secret. And I know a good many party members who listen too.

But besides the show of force there is also a show of support. Enormous processions flow through the streets carrying banners and giant portraits. Declarations are constantly being signed. If you go to Prague on one of the many anniversaries you will see every window

plastered with flags and doves. The sale of doves in particular has increased lately. But what the visitor cannot know is that long ago people with blank windows were visited and ordered to be gay. Or that marchers in the processions have to clock in at their work-places before assembly and clock off afterwards. The petitions are unanimous because if you don't sign them you are marked down as an opponent.

I want now to describe how the communist regime has imposed its control and eliminated resistance. It would, I know, be more authentic if I could do it by describing in detail what happened to particular people—and I could do this very well. But for reasons you will understand, I shall deal in generalities.

The secret of their control lies partly in the way the party members are distributed. There is always a member or two to watch and report and organise in every place where people meet either for work or play. Even a village tennis club cannot be started without sanction and communist members always control it. The communists' power also lies in the fact that the majority of people are employed by the state and no one whose political views or whose background is unacceptable to the state can make a living. I remember a young man who spoke three languages who is still looking for a job after a year. He is

always turned down at the last minute. But there was nothing against him apart from the fact that his father had owned a factory.

A visitor from abroad would find it hard to judge what people think today. If you have known them a long time what they say to you in private is very different from what they sign on petitions and from the slogans they carry on the march. There can be no confidence except between old friends, and friendships have often to be suddenly broken off. Anyone is liable to be secretly questioned about his life, about his correspondence with people abroad or about his foreign friends. And fingerprints are taken, but the victim must sign an undertaking to say nothing of this.

The main instrument for controlling opinion is the fear of arrest. It is a fear under which a great part of the population continually lives: a derogatory word about Stalin, for instance, will bring the police to your flat at dawn. Most people in Prague live in blocks of flats and one arrest in a block will spread fear over dozens of families. The caretaker of a block of flats is a key character—you must be on good terms with her for she has to be well in with the police. Trials and arrests without trial are going on all the time: one night last winter several hundreds of people were taken into custody in Prague alone and numbers even larger have been arrested in the country.

When you are taken away like this you go to a camp or a prison. There are various kinds of camps. Some of them have a varied company—criminals, politicals, and people whose crime is simply to have been a manufacturer or to have owned a house. In one of these camps are coal-miners who tried to strike and gypsies who worked too slowly. There are special camps for women, for the old, and for priests. Conditions are rough: the huts are crowded and the working shifts are often fourteen hours spent in woods, quarries, or mines. Large numbers of prisoners are sent to the mines for surface work and here the labour is very hard indeed, especially when the regular consignment of uranium



Parades marching down Wenceslas Square, Prague, commemorating the first Congress of the Czechoslovak Youth Union

is being sent to Russia. On the other hand, there is enough food and some pay and short leave is given. There are other more severe camps, and there is also a so-called voluntary camp. Some of the people in these have not been accused of any crime; they are merely those who have not been allowed to work and whose savings are finished. Prison conditions are much worse, and about three-quarters of the Czechoslovak prison population now consists of political prisoners. There are executions which are never reported in the press.

Life in Prague today looks fairly normal and unless you have lived there you may not realise what lies beneath the surface. All public behaviour must be artificial—unless you are a convinced party member. One feels this acutely in Czechoslovakia because it was a country which took so much from the west in its mode of thought and way of living. It is therefore the thoughts and behaviour of the people which the communist rulers are having to change. And in fact the new order is affecting people's thoughts more than it affects their material world. Partly this is done by Marxist indoctrination. Every office or factory worker has to attend courses at his place of work, or, if he is a senior employee, at a country centre. The hardest pressure comes on the young. Students have to pass many stiff political examinations before they can get their degrees in any subject. The head teacher of every school must be approved by the party and a career may be ended if a clever pupil makes the wrong answer to a political point. No one can become a teacher unless he claims to support the regime.

There may soon be a clear rift between the younger generation and their parents; but this is not yet very noticeable where the teen-agers are concerned, and my impression is that the majority of young people growing up are not converted to the new order. But the very young children will have much less opportunity to hear anything except communist doctrine, for parents have to be careful what they say in front of them. One young child spoke well in class of President Beneš so her mother was told she was not doing her duty and if she would not bring up the child properly others would.

There is a positive side to all this too. Communism has made people secretive and suspicious—and that is probably its main effect—but it has also encouraged them to think about community rather than personal ends. At least among the communist youth there is a sense of adventure in new opportunities for group service and the party knows how to play upon altruism. It has been less successful in rousing hatred, except among the very ignorant. I think much of the work of the labour brigades is good—they bring manual and brain workers together and the people of the country and town. 'Once I saw a loaf on the table',

said a brigade-worker, 'now I see the reaper sweating on the farm'. Music and other arts are encouraged, for musicians and artists in general are better paid, and although much good literature has been banned much trash has gone too.

As far as the material side of life goes things are not vastly different, and they were on the mend before the communists took power. The wages of some manual workers have gone up and so has the pay of teachers and hospital doctors. The cost of living is about the same as in Britain. The communist government has extended the welfare facilities—maternity care, pensions, convalescent treatment and so on. All industry has been nationalised, and it is probable that, however unpopular the regime, most Czechs want to retain socialised large-scale industry, and of course the welfare benefits.

The most important question, I think, is: Do the Czechs want communism? I am sure they do not. It was brought into power and is kept in power by a small armed minority. People are resentful of it, but the techniques the communists use to control behaviour, as I have tried to show, make it impossible for that resentment to show itself publicly. Another factor in the original success of the communists was fear of Germany. Many non-communists felt they must choose between Russia and Germany in the long run and they chose Russia: we have to remember in connection with this that part of Czechoslovakia was liberated by Russian troops in 1945. We have also to remember that Czechoslovakia has never forgotten Munich. They believe that we abandoned them in 1938, and when faced by the possible threat of Russian intervention in 1948 they had no confidence that they would get any more support from the west than they had before.

Is there anything the west can do today? There isn't anything practical or immediate, as far as one can see. But I believe it is essential to say clearly just what it is we have to offer in place of communism—something which, in relation to Czechoslovakia, is a practical and acceptable alternative to the present regime. It would have to be a programme which leaves room for the degree of socialism they want to keep, which avoids any danger of neo-fascism and which does not put them under the threat of German domination. Above all, it would have to guarantee that no German soldier, even as a member of a European army, would ever set foot in their country again.

For if all they know of the west—and that is no further away than occupied Germany—is a regime which makes no clear statement on these things, then they will lose faith in what the west can offer them. And then I do not know what the consequences would be.

—Home Service

When an Atomic Bomb Bursts

By SIR GEORGE THOMSON, F.R.S.

A REPORT prepared for the United States Department of Defence and the United States Atomic Energy Commission* has recently been published in this country. It is designed for use by people planning civil defence, and contains the most up-to-date deductions from the experiments on atomic bombs at Bikini and elsewhere, and from observations of damage at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

As it is intended primarily for use in civil defence the report deals mostly with the effects of bombs on cities, and in what follows I shall do the same, but I do not want you to suppose that attack on cities is the only way atomic bombs may be used, or that if used at all they would necessarily be used in that way. Though troops dispersed in the field may not be very vulnerable to atomic bombs, they become so whenever there is a bottleneck in their communications or when they are massed together for an attack; then the effect could be great—perhaps decisive. Towards the end of the last war we were learning how to bomb war factories without great destruction of the surrounding areas—learning too that this was a more effective way of decreasing production than was the bombing of whole towns. This lesson applies to atomic bombs as well as to the high explosives and incendiaries of the last war.

Some consider the atomic bomb inhuman just because it is powerful. I think they are wrong; in itself power is an advantage. If you do not

want force, why use weapons at all? What is to be condemned is causing suffering to others, enemies or not, beyond what is necessary to achieve a just end. But in dealing with this report, which is a purely objective one, I shall try also to be purely objective. The report contains a full explanation of the scientific background. It clearly represents an honest attempt by a group of able men to give as balanced an account as possible of the present state of knowledge, frankly saying where this is still defective. The report considers a bomb of standard size, what they call a nominal atomic bomb generating the energy of 20,000 tons of T.N.T., which is what could be produced by 1 kilo (2½ lb.) of uranium or plutonium if completely exploded.

A few words as to the physics of the thing. Most people know by now that the atomic bombs used so far involve the explosion of either a special sort of uranium— U_{235} , as at Hiroshima—or of an artificial element called plutonium, as at Nagasaki. The innermost parts, the nuclei, of the atoms of these substances are broken in two by the action of minute particles called neutrons, which in turn are produced by the act of breaking. Thus the process of breaking, or fission, proceeds through a mass of uranium or plutonium like a disease through a population, but of course at an enormous speed, with the neutrons in the role of germs. If the mass is too small, too many neutrons escape from the surface and the process stops, but if the mass is more than a certain size, called the critical, this so-called chain reaction builds up and the

* *The Effects of Atomic Weapons*: McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. 25s.

bomb goes off. The bomb is exploded by suddenly bringing together pieces which each separately are less than the critical size but united exceed it. Of course this has to be done very quickly or the incipient explosion will blow the pieces apart again; this might happen if the mechanism did not work well and you would get a 'fizzle' or partial explosion which might have an odd effect.

In almost all that follows I shall be discussing this 'nominal' bomb. It is possible, and indeed probable, that the power of future bombs may increase, but the existence of a critical size implies also that a great increase in power is unlikely, unless one were to go to something entirely different such as the so-called hydrogen bomb, which still seems a good way off. A moderate increase makes less difference than one might suppose to most of the practical problems of protection, and I do not think general conclusions based on the nominal bomb are likely to be seriously misleading.

The Question of Radiation

All, or almost all, nuclear changes produce radiations not unlike those produced by radium and used in the cure of cancer. They are indeed of several kinds and a detailed knowledge of their various powers of penetration and the like is essential to a thorough study of the subject—but for our immediate purposes all one needs to know of them is two things: they are harmful in excess and they diminish in intensity with time. A great deal of effort has been spent studying the physiological effect of the various radiations because of their use in cancer. The problem there, of course, is to kill the diseased cells with the minimum damage to the healthy ones—there must always be some. We know roughly how much radiation a person can stand without danger to life. It depends a good deal on how rapidly it is applied; there is a tolerance level below which it does no harm at all, however long it lasts.

The decrease of activity with time is a universal property of nuclear effects, but the times involved vary enormously. A bit of radium would take nearly 2,000 years to lose half its effect; some other substances take only a small fraction of a second, and there is everything in between. Fission produces a complex of radioactive substances; the laws are complicated, though now fairly well known, but it would be misleading to give a single figure for the time of decay.

A bomb may be burst in the air, in water, and (perhaps) underground. The effects differ very considerably and I will take the air burst first. The bursts over Japan were fairly high up, about 2,000 feet; the preliminary test at Alamogordo was made with the bomb only 100 feet from the ground.

The explosion results in a ball of fire, which reaches a maximum radius of about 450 feet and lasts for about three seconds. The ball of fire rises, and after a few seconds a cloud forms, which ascends rapidly to great heights. The effects causing damage fall into three headings—blast, flame, radioactive action—and I will take them in order. The blast is like that of an ordinary bomb greatly magnified both in force and the time for which it lasts. The actual pressure lasts about a second, which for a blast is an enormous time, and the suction, which follows, longer still. Because of the longer times there are some qualitative differences compared with T.N.T. There is less tendency to punch holes and more to flatten buildings bodily, especially when the blast comes from above. Within a radius of half-a-mile from the point below each bomb there was virtually complete destruction of all buildings save those of reinforced concrete built to earthquake resistance specifications. These stood well. For a mile from the centre there was severe damage, enough to make a building liable to fall: and moderate damage, enough to render a structure unusable without repair, reached to a radius of one and five-eighths miles. Partial and slight damage, down to broken windows, extended to eight miles or more, depending on circumstances. This seems a lot of damage, but one may compare the energy involved with that in some natural processes. You would have to explode a million such bombs to equal a major earthquake, though a single one is comparable with a slight shock. The energy that the sun radiates on to two square miles of ground on an average day and the energy of a heavy rain shower on a fair-sized city are both the equivalent of our nominal atomic bomb. Though buildings fell, rather poor shelters survived at half-a-mile and some even at 300 yards. The authors of the report consider that two feet of concrete or the equivalent in earth would be safe at half-a-mile. This is probably fairly generous.

The second danger—flash burns—comes from the ball of fire and, like it, lasts about three seconds. It is simply scorching due to intense heat (which is estimated to reach 3,000-4,000° C. under the bomb), last-

ing this short time. Burns may be caused as much as two miles away—the distance depends considerably on the clearness of the air. Though this is the most far-reaching of all the effects, it is also the easiest to guard against. It would not penetrate normal winter clothing and no effect would be felt indoors, except near a window. Whether the flash produces fires or not is doubtful. Some hold that any flame that started would be blown out by the blast which follows, and say that the fires were due to secondary causes, broken gas mains, upset charcoal brazers and the like. Others blame the flash. There is, unfortunately, no doubt that fires are likely—indeed certain—to follow a bomb explosion. Furthermore they are extremely likely to spread; even if the fire-fighting equipment has not been destroyed, the streets will be blocked by debris and it will be unable to get where it is needed. Much of the loss of life in the Japanese explosions was due to this cause. Yet as a fire-raising weapon the atom bomb is not unrivalled. More were killed at Tokyo in the great incendiary attack than by either atomic bomb and much more area was destroyed, and something comparable happened at Hamburg; but these it must be admitted were rather exceptional attacks. By and large, fire intensified by blast damage is the most serious danger, whether the weapon is an atomic bomb or the mixture of incendiary and high explosives used against Germany. It is also the hardest to guard against.

Now for the last class of danger, that peculiar to the atomic bomb, the danger from radioactivity. This has been much talked of because of its novelty, but of the three—blast including, of course, the danger from debris, fire, radioactivity—the last is the least to be feared. The radiation in question can be divided conveniently, if a little arbitrarily, into two parts: radiation in the first minute—initial—and that afterwards, called residual. Both come mainly from the remains of the explosive—the so-called fission products. The initial radiation from a high air burst will kill an unprotected man at about three-quarters of a mile. It would kill a large proportion through twelve inches of concrete at half-a-mile and, in fact, requires a degree of protection about enough to keep out the blast. This is a very rough rule, for the two effects do not vary in the same way with distance, nor is the relative effectiveness of different materials the same for the two; still, by and large, effective shelter from blast will usually give shelter also from initial radiations.

When a bomb is burst high in the air, the violent up-current caused by the heat carries the fission products far into the upper air, and they only reach the earth hundreds of miles away, so diluted as to be harmless. So there is no residual radiation in this case. At Alamogordo it was different; the ball of flame reached the earth and made a crater. The earth, both in the crater and outside, was contaminated with fission products and made radioactive. Now, of course, an enemy might deliberately burst his bomb like that, but if he did he would lose a good deal of blast effect. The radioactivity so formed would decay. An area a few hundred yards across would no doubt be so contaminated that a person who stayed there unprotected would die, yet a quarter of an hour later a fast vehicle could probably cross without endangering the occupants, though it would be at least six hours before it would be safe to walk across. Still, considering the limited area affected and that anyone in it would probably have been killed before by the blast unless in a good shelter, the added damage is not very great—not enough, one would think, to compensate an enemy for the reduction in blast effect.

Under-water Effects

Things are different for an under-water burst. In this case, besides the waves produced, which may damage shipping at great distances, and the under-water shock which is equally effective, there are spectacular effects above water. A dome of spray is formed, from which ascends the great 'plume', a hollow cylinder of water drops and gas whose head is lost in a cloud 8,000 feet up. At the second Bikini explosion, the only under-water test so far reported, it is estimated to have held 1,000,000 tons of water. As the plume collapsed, a sort of eruption grew round its base like the puffed-out paper frill on some gigantic cutlet bone. This grew till it became a vast cloud thousands of feet thick and spreading over the lagoon, from which rain fell for nearly an hour. The Americans call it the base-surge. It presents scientific problems not yet fully solved, but unfortunately it is more than a beautiful and interesting spectacle, for it can carry the residual radiation from the bomb to a great distance.

In such a water burst the blast effect, though large, is much less than for an air burst. The flash and the initial radiation are shielded off

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on British rearmament

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Rhapsody in Pink

IN the first of seven talks on 'The 'Twenties' Mr. Noel Annan disclaims any intention of offering a serious historical appraisal of a period in which we ourselves or our fathers lived. His object is rather to recapture a mood, the mood of Bloomsbury, of the old universities after the returned soldiers had left them, of far-flung chintzy tea-shops rather than of the London School of Economics. Politics were not Mr. Annan's subject—though we should perhaps remember whenever we quote the famous observation of Stanley Baldwin about the 'hard-faced men' of that post-war period that the Lloyd George Government consisted largely of powerful and enlightened statesmen, and that it was Baldwin himself who overthrew it on behalf of the 'hard-faced'. After the fall of the Lloyd George Coalition came a bewildering succession of Cabinets and then the General Strike and Great Depression—two events that smote the consciences of the middle classes and lifted them out of the self-regarding intellectual arrogance which Mr. Annan describes. It is true, one supposes, that two striking characteristics of the early 'twenties were the replacement of social snobbery by intellectual snobbery and the launching of a spirited and witty attack upon the sexual taboos of an earlier age. But even here a sense of proportion is needed and one should not exaggerate the extent to which the Bloomsbury iconoclasts influenced their contemporaries. In this period the heart of Britain beat puritan and philistine still.

Comparison between the period 1919-1926 and 1945-1951 is instructive. We went into the first world war with enthusiasm and conviction, as we went into the second with resignation and anxiety. But we came out of both these wars with a determination to rebuild and reform our society. In both cases the middle classes wanted a tempered restoration, the working classes a social revolution. The early 'twenties were dominated by the problems of Ireland, India and the League of Nations, as the late 'forties were concerned with Ireland, India and the United Nations. The General Election of 1945 expressed a desire for a change of regime. But the General Election of 1918, held before the soldiers could properly express their opinions, was not a considered reflection of the public mood, and though the Cabinet tried to respond to, or at least assuage, the revolutionary ardour of the times, it was overborne by the majority in the House of Commons. Thus there was, in the 'twenties, a hiatus between the Government and public opinion, as the trend of by-elections bore witness. If the intellectuals were contemptuous of politicians (as they were), the working classes were distrustful. And that distrust culminated in the General Strike and was, apparently, justified by the Great Depression.

Yet the 'twenties were an age in which hope mingled with doubt. Belief in the League of Nations was widespread except for a handful of noisy reactionaries. And when Austen Chamberlain concluded the Locarno Treaties in 1925, it did seem as if a promise of permanent peace might be realised. So too, though a few millionaires might have trembled, the first Labour Government seemed to be the outward and visible sign of peaceful revolution. That in the end nothing very much did happen is irrelevant, if we are merely discussing moods. Another and more terrible war came and no Labour Government with a working majority took office. Indeed the second Labour Government elected in 1929 vanished beneath the waves of unemployment. But it was certainly an age of hope as well as of emancipation. Consciences were pricked and young men sought enduring peace and a pinkish social reform. In destroying the past, they strove to rebuild the future. That was the mood of the 'twenties. But its dreams were not realised—at any rate then.

THE BRITISH DEFENCE PROGRAMME, as presented by Mr. Attlee, and the general question of European defence, as presented by General Eisenhower to Congress, provided commentators in the west with material to discuss the determination of the free world to defend itself against communist imperialism. Moscow and satellite commentators, of course, seized on Mr. Attlee's statement on Britain's defence programme to emphasise that it would entail a further reduction in the standard of living at the behest of the United States warmongers, who were forcing Britain to follow their 'frenzied armaments drive'. In a broadcast to Britain, Moscow radio stated that Mr. Attlee had 'tried to justify the colossal new increase in military expenditure by repeating moth-eaten inventions about the Soviet Union'. A Polish commentator, also broadcasting in English, asserted that it was the British Prime Minister and President Truman, not the British people, who were, or professed to be, plagued by the 'non-existent nightmare of Soviet imperialism'.

Much praise was given in Moscow broadcasts to the 'hundreds of thousands' of British workers who were striking in protest against the rearmament programme. In various Moscow broadcasts for different audiences, Mr. Attlee's speeches on defence were described as 'teeming with war hysteria and pharisaism', 'a series of vile lies' which 'even Churchill or the late lamented Goebbels' could not have surpassed, and so on.

The Soviet home audience was told that Britain was in the midst of a fuel crisis which looked like developing into 'a real catastrophe' and was facing the probability of severe unemployment. The miners, continued the commentator, were quitting the mines 'because they can no longer put up with the intolerable conditions to which they have been doomed by the right-wing Labourites'. In the U.S.S.R., on the other hand, the broadcast claimed, the coal output was continually rising and the miners were highly paid and well cared for. Commenting on General Eisenhower's European tour, a Moscow broadcast in Czech said that the million Europeans who were to be conscripted 'to avoid a call-up of young Americans' would do all the fighting, while the American commanding Generals were 'sitting snugly a long way behind the front'.

In the United States, the British defence programme was described as impressive by the *New York Times*, which was quoted as saying:

It is the mark of a Great Power that intends to remain great and there is certainly no weakening in the opposition to communism and no appeasement of Russia in this programme.

The same paper, however, expressed difficulty in reconciling Britain's 'strong policy' in Europe with its 'weak policy' in the Far East, but, it concluded:

The new defence programme is proof that Britain is with us in preparing European defences and if it came to a desperate crisis she would be with us right around the world.

In Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted for this comment on Britain's defence programme:

This bleak programme for the next few years clearly expresses the danger of Soviet aggression as the world's most cool-headed nation sees it. The British programme will hearten Europe and make it easier for Washington to speed aid. And as defences grow, a basis for firm confidence will be created for negotiations with the Soviet bloc.

And the *Sydney Morning Herald* commented:

Any hopes which Moscow may have cherished of using the Korean crisis to drive a wedge between Britain and the United States have been dashed. Britain's speedy response to United States sacrifices serves notice that the frontiers of democracy in Europe will be defended not only with resolution, but also with solidarity.

In France, a review of the press showed that all but the communist papers welcomed General Eisenhower's statement, and, in particular, his references to France's vital role. The Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro* was quoted as saying that the General had reinforced Europe's conviction in her capacity for defence. In Germany, General Eisenhower's report was given wide prominence in broadcasts from both the Soviet and western zones. Generally, West German broadcasts welcomed his statement, particularly his words saying he did not wish to command an unwilling German contingent. Comments from the eastern zone warned West German listeners of the American efforts to use the Germans as cannon-fodder.

Did You Hear That?

THE DISAPPEARING CRAFTSMAN

'THE FRONT OF MY HOUSE needs re-thatching', said RALPH WHITLOCK in the Home Service. 'So the other day I made arrangements about the bundles of straw for thatching it ("yealms" or even "celems" we call them down in Wiltshire) and then I went down to the woods to look up our local thatcher, Mr. Partridge. I found Mr. Partridge easily, by hearing his hook biting into the hazel rods and by hearing them crack as they toppled over. Thatching-spars were the main quarry he was after, but his wasn't a one-track mind. Mr. Partridge is one of those fine old-time craftsmen who has more than one trade in his pocket but certainly isn't master of none. Although I don't think he can make hurdles, he knows intimately all the other crafts and lore of the underwood.'

'In my part of Wiltshire, and in similar areas of chalk country in many corners of England, there are very extensive open woods. By "open" woods I mean woods in which the bigger forest trees, chiefly oak and beech, are rather thinly sprinkled. This underwood used to be a very important crop of the countryside. In my village, say forty years ago, a dozen or twenty men used to find a winter's work dealing with the local underwood. The main copses were divided into sections, and the underwood in each lot was offered for sale by auction or by tender once every eight or ten years. Sometimes a cottager would buy a section on his own account; sometimes a master man with a village workshop would buy sections and employ cottagers to work for him. The craftsmen of the woods would cut all the ripe underwood, sort it and make it up into a score of useful articles for which it was suited. Hurdles were an item produced on a large scale. In the days of arable sheep flocks, immense quantities of hurdles were required, and a man making forty-eight hurdles a week at 4s. a dozen could earn 16s. a week: which was quite good money at the turn of the century. Hurdles are £3 to £4 a dozen, or more, now—when you can get them; but even so not many craftsmen have stuck to the old craft.'

'There were sheep cribs, too, which need ash wood as well as hazel; scythe-handles, or "sneads" as we call them; besoms, or birch brooms; hay-rakes; bean-rods; pea-sticks; bavins, or faggots, for burning in bakehouses; even the brambles and brushwood were collected in the old days and tied into bundles for lime-kiln fires. The woods were a real hive of industry in winter forty or fifty years ago.'

'And the old system still prevails—though rather as a ghost of what it used to be. The woodland sections of underwood are still sold once every eight or ten years. They are still bought by village craftsmen, who fell the ripe wood and use it for making up the ancient commodities. I have a cousin who still makes hay-rakes, sheep-cribs and scythe-handles. He cuts his wood in the copses on fine days, hauls it to his comfortable and well-equipped workshop and there works peacefully away, in a shed just outside his own back-door, when the weather is bad. I think he makes a modest though quite comfortable living and gets a good deal of satisfaction out of working skilfully with his hands. Others of my neighbours are hurdle-makers (though there are only about three or four of them left in my district), and they work in the woods

all day, making their hurdles on the site and not in a workshop at home. Hurdles are in great demand, and there is never a shortage of work nowadays: apart from the commercial types, fancy hurdles for suburban gardens bring in useful orders'.

'PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES' IN THE JUNGLE

'Our goal was the Ranger's bungalow some twelve miles away', said PAUL STEPHENSON, describing in 'Woman's Hour' a trip through the jungle of Ceylon by night. 'The tracker in front with the only rifle; me, bringing up the rear with Madusami, our twelve-year-old bullock-driver, and the carts. We all carried torches or lanterns and our instructions were to shine them full into the eyes of any bear or leopard we might meet—to dim them at once if we ran into buffalo. But our best chance of survival, the tracker said, lay in making as much din as possible. So we proceeded to give tongue in a succession of popular marching-songs. "Pack up your troubles" must have been sung in some curious circumstances in its time but surely none so curious as these—to an accompaniment of clattering wheels and the unearthly shrieks and curses of Madusami to his bullocks, in the depths of an eastern jungle at midnight. At all events it did the trick. We heard an occasional scuffle and cough as some disgruntled creature moved further out of our path, otherwise we swung along undisturbed.'

'When we had only about another three miles to go we came to a wide, shallow stretch of water. It meant taking off our shoes and stockings and helping to tug at the carts. We were half-way across, floundering on the slippery mud, when the tracker ahead stopped suddenly. "Get close in to the carts, keep very still", he said. I heard Madusami whisper: "Elephants, very many". I peered at the wall of blackness in front of us. I could make out nothing whatsoever. Only the textures of the blackness were different: black satin water; black velvet jungle; black muslin sky. Nothing else.'

"Now look here", I said to myself. "This is danger, you're in danger!" And I wondered when I was going to start feeling afraid. But no. No feelings at all. I stared at the motionless string of lanterns and their long reflections in the water. Dot-dash, dot-dash. Like morse. I heard the tracker's voice: "I'm going to fire a shot", he was saying, and a shot rang out and echoed away into the distance. Silence. Then suddenly, out of the blackness ahead, came a sound so loud, so desolate, so tremendous, I felt the blood tingling away from my cheeks. In terror an elephant was trumpeting the alarm. I turned and looked at Madusami. For some extraordinary reason we both began to giggle.

'I cannot describe the sensation of anticlimax and utter let-down when I realised the shot had worked, they were going. The whole skyline was rippling like the sea with the backs of elephants on the move. Twenty—thirty—of them: I lost count. My knees gave way all of a sudden and I nearly sat down in the water. I don't think I have ever felt so tired before or since. Hardly knowing what I was doing I slid into the back of the last cart and fell asleep. And nothing—not the



Modern craftsman at work: making farm ladders in Essex

hardness of my bed of billy-cans nor even the renewed yelling of the indefatigable Madusami—had any power to wake me till we had reached the Ranger's bungalow and it was very early morning'.

A FACTORY THAT CAN FLY?

The second National Packaging Exhibition was opened lately at Olympia by the President of the Board of Trade. The B.B.C. industrial correspondent, BERTRAM MYCOCK, said of it in 'Radio Newsreel': 'Packaging is one of those very elastic terms that we use nowadays. The little old lady in the village store, who hands out three pennyworth of sweets screwed up in a bit of yesterday's newspaper, is one exponent of packaging, and the concern that makes ten-gallon oil drums is another; and in between the two there is a great range of exponents of what in itself has become one of our biggest industries.'

I saw at this exhibition one of the latest jet engines, packed in something that looked like an enormous cocoon but was in fact a plastic covering moulded round the form of the engine; and with that protection, so the packers say, this delicate and costly piece of machinery can safely be stored in the open air. There are firms that specialise in flexible tubes, ranging from tiny ones for ointment to big ones for printing ink. Transparent plastic can be seen in all sorts of forms. There is a machine that wraps boiled sweets in transparent plastic at the rate of 250 a minute, and there are machines making transparent envelopes for nylon stockings. One of the newer packaging materials is wood pulp. You mould it to the shape of the article you want to pack, maybe a bottle or a scientific instrument, and no other protection is necessary. The paper bag now has a great range of uses, and you can see at the exhibition how they fill and seal these bags by machinery.

But one of the most revolutionary things to be seen there is a mobile factory, turning out steel drums right in the middle of the exhibition floor. Mounted on trailer vehicles, and powered by an electric generator, are a series of machines that take sheets of metal, bend them into a cylinder, weld them and put on the top and bottom, and turn them out glistening with fresh paint. When they drove this curious industrial circus into Olympia the other day, they checked the performance with a stop-watch, and they say the factory was erected in ten minutes and the first of the steel drums came off the assembly line eight minutes later. This is the brain-child of a Dutch engineer, but British workmen are doing the job in conditions that seem a little unreal. They have beautifully appointed caravans for living; a mobile restaurant; they can have a shower, or a drink, or go to the cinema, there in their own little encampment. The eventual plan is to get this whole set-up into two aircraft, so that, to take one possible example, if somebody struck oil in a particularly inaccessible part of the world the drum-making factory could be flown out in a matter of days'.

WHERE THE SUN IS TOO STRONG FOR BUTTERFLIES

Speaking of Lifu, a coral island which she visited last year, EVELYN CHEESMAN said in a Home Service broadcast: 'It was surprising to find the sun too strong even for butterflies; they sheltered in the deepest caves from the heat from ten until four in the afternoon: some kinds only, and dragonflies, moths, flies and other insects. Not content with shade they would seek out the deepest cracks. You had to climb rocks to catch them, and try to avoid tearing your nets to pieces. Butterflies are a wonderful sight on that island, of all colours and conspicuous among them the lovely metallic blue swallowtail. In open spaces there are a lot of flowering plants. These are butterflies' feeding-grounds. A special favourite is called Blue Ratstail, small flowers of pure sky-blue on rather

untidy sprays. When the blooms fall off the stem does look exactly like a small rat's tail. They have lots of honey. There would be half an acre, one mass of blue and simply alive with butterflies—colour and fluttering wings in continuous motion. Next day most of the flowers would be pollinated and the plants looked shabby. The third day there would not be a single blue flower left, and of course, no butterflies until the plants put up another show'.

RESTORING BERLIN'S TIERGARTEN

In the bitter fighting before the fall of Berlin in 1945, bombs and shells destroyed the scenic beauty of its open spaces, leaving only the stumps of a large number of the 1,000,000 trees that had graced the Tiergarten in pre-war days. When the occupation started, amateur kitchen gardeners took over and raised vegetables that were a boon during the Soviet blockade; now at last the big job of restoring the Tiergarten to something of its former glory has begun in earnest.



The Tiergarten, near the Brandenburg Gate. More than 500,000 trees will be planted this spring and autumn as part of the scheme for the restoration of Berlin's beautiful parkland

PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. Berlin correspondent, said in a talk in the Light Programme that a start was made as long ago as 1948. 'Thousands of tons of rubble were carted away including much of the broken statuary which once lined the Avenue of Victory, as it was named. The lakes were dragged and a further 700 tons of scrap-iron, arms and munitions and all the other bric-a-brac of war were removed. A start at replanting the Tiergarten was made during the blockade, and the Royal Air Force helped by flying in the first 150,000 saplings from Western Germany. When the blockade was lifted the allotments were gradually given up

and all the old iron bedsteads and other fencing were taken away. Since then almost every town in West Germany of any size has sent trees as gifts to the Tiergarten, lime trees, beeches, poplars, oaks, willows and alders. A good 500,000 of them will be planted this spring and autumn and the whole job should be completed by the end of the year. The crumbling air raid shelter in the Tiergarten has been earthed up and surrounded by water and is fast becoming a bird sanctuary. The whole place certainly presents a much more hopeful picture now, with the little bridges over the lakes and streams repaired, and with the new paths and benches already waiting for the spring sunshine.

'I was told it will take at least ten years for the Tiergarten to take on something of its former beauty again, and between forty and fifty years before it comes anywhere near being its old self. But the replanting and replanning of it all has given work to several hundreds, many of them women who would otherwise have been unemployed'.

WARM WORDS AT THE OFFICE

'I wanted to go to sea but my father had other ideas and put me in the office of the principal railway guide of the time', said Lieutenant-Commander H. W. NOAKES, R.N.R., during a talk in the Home Service. 'But I am afraid my business career was of short duration. In those days a speaking tube was used to communicate with the various departments, and a junior clerk named Jennings would frequently pull my leg by sending a message through the tube to the effect that the boss, whose voice he was able to imitate perfectly, wanted me; and I often went to his office to find that I had never been sent for. It was customary at our office to have a jug of boiling coffee sent in from an adjacent coffee house at eleven o'clock. Just as the coffee arrived the whistle blew and, thinking it was Jennings, I took up the jug and sent about a quart down the tube. Unfortunately the boss took it in his starboard ear. And that was the end of my business career. It was also the beginning of my career at sea—for I sailed that same year as an apprentice in the *Atlantic*, a barque of 1,800 tons'.

The Mood of the 'Twenties

NOEL ANNAN on the end of the 'Ancien Régime'*

MENTION the 'twenties and people react as if you had mentioned the name of some famous demi-mondaine. The middle-aged sigh; the young indulge in romantic but ill-informed speculations; and men and women of all ages go off into rounds of abuse. Mr. Connolly regards it as a great artistic renaissance. Mr. G. M. Young refers to it as the 'dirty 'twenties'. Certainly the generation that was growing up between 1919 and 1931 believed that they were living in a New Age.

The Revolutionary Becomes Orthodox

No doubt historians will not judge it to be the New Age that at the time it seemed to be. International politics were still dominated by Britain and France; wealth was still roughly divided in much the same way, and the old free trade economy was still governed by the traditional conception of international finance. This may be so, but then we are not making in this series of talks a ponderous assessment of the history of the period. We are not thinking about life in Britain as a whole but trying to evoke a mood, to trace the intellectual configurations of the times and then deal only with that tiny minority who change opinion. True, the new mood was expressed in ideas propagated by the Bloomsbury circle and Freud, and in art-forms from the Continent which were all anterior to the 'twenties. What had been revolutionary between 1900 and 1920 was now to become orthodox. The ethical revolution which had previously been on paper was now put into practice: and produced that violent change in the code of behaviour which severed the 'twenties from the *Ancien Régime*.

Conduct for the Victorians was judged in relation to an acknowledged social code. The good was defined as the promotion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or as the life which the state ought to promote in the interests of its members. Thus the individual was directly related to society by asking what consequences his actions had upon his fellowmen. Something more than lip-service was paid to such doctrines as self-help, the sanctity of the family, thrift, etc., which expressed settled convictions as to the restraints which an individual had to impose upon himself in the interests of society. Now, Bernard Shaw had already filed a petition in bankruptcy for the firm of Victorian morality by asserting that its prospectus, which showed society evolving towards a higher conception of life and obeying laws framed by middle-class moralists, was fraudulent. And this to the 'twenties now seemed to be proved by the great event which preceded the decade and appeared to sever it from the past: the event which to people of that generation is still called the Great War. The profound emotional impact of the horror and slaughter convinced many that the values which had held good before the war must now, by definition, be wrong—if indeed they were not responsible for causing the war. A society which permitted such a catastrophe to occur must be destroyed, because the pre-suppositions of that comfortable pre-war England were manifestly false. Searching for a new way in which to regard conduct, the 'twenties came to see it through the eyes either of Mrs. Webb or of Mrs. Woolf.

With Mrs. Webb the difficulty of relating the individual to society was achieved by eliminating him. Conduct was depersonalised through Fabian blueprints and such concepts as 'the poor' or 'other people' were transformed into 'poverty' and 'community'. All questions were to be solved by sociological analysis which would inevitably reveal the right course of action; and this lightened the weight of responsibility upon the individual. If politicians were sensible enough to implement the proposals, he would conform: but since they for the most part showed no signs of doing so, then one must wait for the Age of Reason to dawn. Beatrice Webb remained, of course, a remarkable middle-class lady exceedingly interested in personal conduct—but I use her name as a symbol, to include all those psycho-analytical, physiological and political blueprints which the 'twenties propounded and which are now, like guild socialism, totally forgotten.

The other new way of looking at conduct symbolised by Mrs. Woolf was the more important. And behind Mrs. Woolf and Bloomsbury stands G. E. Moore. Moore's *Principia Ethica* which was published in

1903 was never in any sense a popular book. But it was a sacred work among the Bloomsbury set, and exploded Victorian ethics. It is an error in logic to suppose, argued Moore, that the good can be defined as that which promotes the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The good cannot be defined in terms of something else—it is a property which can be perceived only intuitively. This appears to leave ethical judgments at the mercy of subjective whim—but Moore believed that this could be overcome if we were extremely careful always to discover what questions we were asking and what kinds of statements we were making. This led one, when discussing what things were most valuable, to infer that those things which were worth having purely for their own sake, and not for the sake of society, were in fact the best—particularly since they could be discussed with greater exactitude. What were these things? Moore answered: 'The pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful things'. Love and art—they were the *summum bonum*. Of course certain more social pursuits were also good, but not nearly so good as these; and though Moore admitted that the individual owed obligations to society, he at a later date appeared to hold that duty as well as good was indefinable. The accent fell heavily upon the private virtues.

Keynes has left a description of the effect which Moore's ethics produced upon himself and his friends. Conventions, traditional rules of behaviour, all outward restraints which challenged the right of the intellectual to choose the path of virtue as he, after rigorous analysis, had defined it, were scorned. And this indeed seemed just to the 'twenties since the old conventions could not be expected to apply to a post-war world. This determination to question all forms of social control was the concern of another Cambridge philosopher, Bertrand Russell. Russell was passionately interested in social problems: but he judged them in the purest way from the standpoint of an individual's happiness. Was not the much revered Victorian family a home of tyranny and frustration, was not the Victorian marriage a Gehenna of sexual maladjustment, was not the public school education a mockery of sensible, intellectual development, an inculcator of anti-social values? Russell was read far more widely than Moore: but their purport was the same: 'anti-social' meant that which stunts the growth of the private virtues—that is, of personal relations and the creative instincts.

The New Criterion of Brains

To handle Moore's celebrated analytical technique, to apply with Russell the new sciences of psycho-analysis and experimental psychology, to follow Shaw's argument that 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was but a striking example of the universal prostitution of a working class which was paid no wages at all, a particular quality of mind was required. That quality was cleverness. People delighted in those who were bright, amusing, intellectually outrageous, who could turn the world upside down, for its own good. The new virtues were humility towards the intellect, hostility towards worldly success, personal affection, liberation of the emotions, admiration of sensibility, hatred of philistinism and compromise and, above all, ruthless honesty about oneself. Human beings had to be judged according to their own merits and for no other reason. The great vice was to be on the make, trying to get on and up in the world, because that entailed treating people as stepping-stones and exploiting them. Perhaps the most notable thing about the famous parties in the 'twenties, immortalised by Evelyn Waugh in his early books, was that you might meet anyone at them—a mixture of classes, professions and generation that was a protest against the stuffed-shirt hierarchy of the Edwardian social order which admitted only money and birth. The new criterion was not to be birth or money, but brains. People whose only claim was to be well-born or wealthy were expected to entertain the clever and not to complain when treated with ruthless bad manners by those who found them boring. This is where the cruelty of the 'twenties came in. Cruelty to acquaintances who seemed to be stupid and unconverted. Absolute devotion to intimate friends. And indeed even this trait could find justification in Moore. 'The infliction of pain', he wrote, 'upon a person whose state of mind

* The first of seven talks on the 'twenties

is bad may, if the pain be not too intense, create a state of things that is better on the whole than if the evil state of mind had existed unpunished'. In other words, *pace* Moore, rudeness can be a virtue.

The most notorious revolution in conduct made by the 'twenties was that of sexual morality. Of all the intellectual influences in the decade Freud was by far the strongest. Imperfectly understood and frequently vulgarised, he gave that intellectual justification to the freer conduct which the fear of imminent death in the war had sanctioned. Freud appeared to abolish sin, the sin, of the *Ancien Régime*; indeed not to satisfy the sexual urge became a sin, for was not the great source of energy, the unconscious, overwhelmingly sexual? And would not complexes be created, which would strangle the true personality, if the unconscious were repressed? Being true to oneself meant obeying the sexual instincts. And if sex was fundamental, was it not therefore the most important gift in our possession? Important in that it could reveal to each of us his true relation to life. Just as Moore's reservations about our obligations to society were overlooked, so D. H. Lawrence's puritan diagnosis of sexual love was conveniently forgotten. And as if this were not enough to shock the elder generation, homosexuality became a fashion in sex—partly as a protest against the hated social code which had broken Wilde and was to get *The Well of Loneliness* banned; partly to demand that sex must be understood and not hushed up; and partly to assert that the pursuit of happiness in sex must not be impeded by any conventions.

Forbidden Beauty

This contempt for what society considered appropriate was echoed in art. The artist was no longer to be asked to give information about the visible world, which the public could relate to their own experience. He was to express his imagination and infect the spectator with his emotion. One word, much treasured by the *Ancien Régime*, was now forbidden: beauty. Elegance, beauty, rhetoric, were all suspect if the naked truth were to be presented. However bleak, discordant, revolting, the vision might be, the question was asked: Is it true? True to what? True to the vision of the world as it then appeared, true to the new scale of values. The insularity of English taste was to be destroyed: no repetition of the derision which greeted Roger Fry's 1912 Post-Impressionist Exhibition was to be permitted. Now, to devise a *Zeitgeist* which would embrace all aesthetic manifestations of the decade would be fraudulent, for part of the joy in experiencing an artistic revolution lay in the bewildering novelty with which cubism, surrealism, the works of Les Six, the atonalists and jazz, the stream-of-consciousness novel and experimental writing for every medium burst upon the English prisoner released from his isolated gaol. *Neuheit stand auf dem Programm*. Novelty itself was valuable. The Sitwells gave the lead to new art-forms and enjoyed enraging and exposing the philistinism of the *Ancien Régime*. There was not to be one way of painting but many: one could admire simultaneously Les Fauves and the abstract painters. To be in the vogue, with the vogue continually changing, became the ideal. Partly because the tempo of life had increased and pre-war futurism was being realised: but largely because of an inner insecurity, the fear that again war would engulf us, the fabric of society crack—and also because a society changing its values cannot make compelling judgments.

This delight in experiment translated itself to behaviour. New ways of living, in a mews, a bizarre cottage, on a barge, in groups and odd societies, were tried. The cult of being in the vogue was an attempt to experience as much life as possible. The demi-mondaine quality of the 'twenties was expressed in this restless quest for new dresses, dances, faces, in the hope that ultimately security could be found in some new method of living. In a peculiar way art got mixed up in life. Art was important because it taught us how to live—it was to take the place of the *Ancien Régime* social code. And so great emphasis was placed on living up to one's beliefs—for had not the *Ancien Régime* been guilty of the hypocrisy of professing beliefs and acting in contradiction to them?

Nevertheless, you may say, it is impossible totally to eliminate public life, somehow it has to be acknowledged. Well, politics were fitted in; and in a low place. War-time White-feather Jingoism brought a swift retribution. Patriotism fell into disrepute, associated with what Mr. Baldwin called 'hard-faced men who looked as if they had done very well out of the war'. Keynes struck the note with his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Not only had the war been caused by the monumental folly of statesmen, but the peace had been lost by the politicians in that the terms imposed upon Germany were economically

preposterous and clearly ruinous to any European settlement. Politics came to be regarded as essentially simple because it was too hopeless and depressing to admit new complexity. Simple in that the failure of disarmament conferences or the persistence of unemployment could be explained almost wholly in terms of the stupidity and wickedness of politicians. Simple in that the solution of international problems was thought to depend in appealing over the heads of the politicians to the goodwill of the individual man and woman and to their hatred of war. Simple in the belief that public opinion would coerce statesmen in the right direction and that the abolition of *Ancien Régime* secret diplomacy would make war improbable. Here the memory of the Great War acted as a narcotic. The fact that political relations are expressed in terms of power was circumvented by arguing that moral suasion could shackle military power and economic pressure could be eliminated by solving economic maladjustments. If things still continued to go wrong then one might as well retire from politics and maintain one's own sanity.

This blend of idealism and cynicism is not a highly intelligent view of politics; and it is seized on by those who like to ascribe our plight today to the 'twenties. It was a reflection of the inability any longer to relate the individual about whose mind and emotions so much more now was known to the society in which he lived—an inability which the succeeding decade criticised by flying to the arms of Marxism. Pacifism was another manifestation of this inability: for pacifism is not a political attitude but an expression of personal emotion. Now this conception of politics as a series of problems to be solved by goodwill, and not as a comprehensive system of social relationships, was a reflection of the current theory of knowledge. Philosophy under Russell's aegis was no longer to pretend to be queen of the sciences, reconciling all knowledge and presenting it as an intelligible whole, but a hard-working housemaid tidying up problems of language and logic. Metaphysical explanations of how the world worked were out—and so were Nietzsche, Bergsonism, and even Shavianism. What was grandiloquent and all-embracing was thought likely to conceal a fraudulent emptiness; and was replaced by the subtle, the rare, the limited enquiry in which one or two true particles might be found.

The mood of the 'twenties, then, emerges as a series of paradoxes. There is the sardonic post-war disillusionment, the scathing criticism of grandeur and political achievement. The *Ancien Régime* ideals were to be deflated. The deflation might take the note of the faint derisive whistle with which Strachey let the gas out of the Victorian bag; or it might be a violent explosion as when in June 1914 Wyndham Lewis published his magazine *Blast*. Here is a specimen page of new prose designed as a death warrant for the *Ancien Régime*.

Blast years 1837 to 1900. Curse abysmal; inexcusable middle-class, also aristocracy and proletariat. Wring the neck of all sick inventions born in that progressive white wake. Blast their weeping whiskers, hirsute rhetoric of eunuch and stylist, sentimental hygienics, Rousseauisms (wild nature cranks) fraternising with monkeys, Diabolics, raptures and roses of the erotic bookshelves culminating in purgatory of Putney.

A New Romantic Faith

So it was farewell to Swinburne, good-bye to dear Oscar and the aesthetes, and to all the feeble revolutionaries of the last century. But when all was deflated, what then? The real revolution was to take place in the hearts of each individual. The faith of the 'twenties lay not in political machinery but in education and in psycho-analysis: not in votes for women, but in freedom for women. This was the romanticism of a generation affecting to despise the romantic! What is more romantic than to see the eventual triumph of reason, the conquest by the social sciences of misery and evil, the revolution in morals as the panacea to cure the world? The individual is all. The vision of the world therefore is microscopic, the tone of voice modulated to express fine shades of meaning, hostile to universal spiritual problems and cosmic schemes which appeared to neglect those very incongruities and distinctions which to the 'twenties seemed vital. What previously had been considered by the *Ancien Régime* to be pleasant additions to life were now thought to be fundamental. Aldous Huxley defended the faith in the introduction to his anthology 'An anthology compiled in mid-slump? Fiddling you protest indignantly while Rome burns. But perhaps Rome would not now be burning if the Romans had taken a more intelligent interest in their fiddlers?'

Art and knowledge alone can purge our corrupt consciousness; and perhaps this Third Programme is in some sense a child of the 'twenties' belief in the supreme importance of art and knowledge to be derived from books.—*Third Programme*

Is the New Commons' Chamber a Mistake?

ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN on 'parliamentary Gothic'

THE completion of the new House of Commons caused, inevitably, a short but heated public controversy upon the rights and wrongs of imitation Gothic—pastiche medieval—as a garment for the buildings of 1950. A letter in *The Times* referred to the new Chamber as the 'fake of a fake'. Historically this was quite correct, although whether faking a fake was or was not justified depends, I think, upon whether the new Chamber is to be regarded as a new building in its own right or merely as a major repair to an old one. Obviously if the bombs had knocked off one pinnacle no one would have argued about a little bit of sham Gothic restoration; equally, had the entire Palace of Westminster been destroyed it is

therefore, that strange and obstinate Churchillian conception of a new Chamber, neither an inch longer nor an inch shorter than the one which Charles Barry had designed for the very different Anglo-Irish Parliament of 1835, and the result could be foreseen to the last cusp of the last trefoil.

It was not, however, in the nature of things that Government or people should, in their approach to this problem, have troubled themselves with aesthetic logic or intellectual analysis—the former would have been French, the latter German, and the problem was English. So I think it is interesting to examine the process of thought—for curious it must have been—which committed us so irrevocably, both in 1835 and in 1950, to a sham but very specific surface encrustation of the nation's central building—an encrustation medieval or Gothic only in its most superficial origins.

I have used the word 'encrustation' to apply equally both to Barry and to Scott. Charles Barry's 1835 plan for the whole Palace was one of dignified and well-ordered spaces: so far from being Gothic it was a highly classical and symmetrical arrangement whereby, when all the doors are open, the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor face each other down the grand axis and across the Central Lobby. Now such an arrangement is very, very far removed from the irregular collegiate or monastic grouping which Pugin, the Gothic fanatic, would have so dearly loved. In the event poor Pugin was permitted by Barry to direct his genius to the encrustations alone, though to the greater glory of the royal thrones and the Lords' Library. Giles Scott's 1950 structure for the New Chamber is as complex as the bowels of a liner, a symphony of pipes and wires. The engineers, the specialists and the National Physical Laboratory have, for the greater comfort and smoother working of the House, achieved a mechanical *tour de force*. In 1835 it was precisely these mechanical things—the ventilation and the water supply—that were a failure, whereas

in 1950 the technical specialists in their precision and ingenuity have matched the master masons who four hundred years ago built Henry VIII's Chapel across the road. But *there* the ingenuity was in the structure itself; *here* the one real contribution of our own scientific age is all

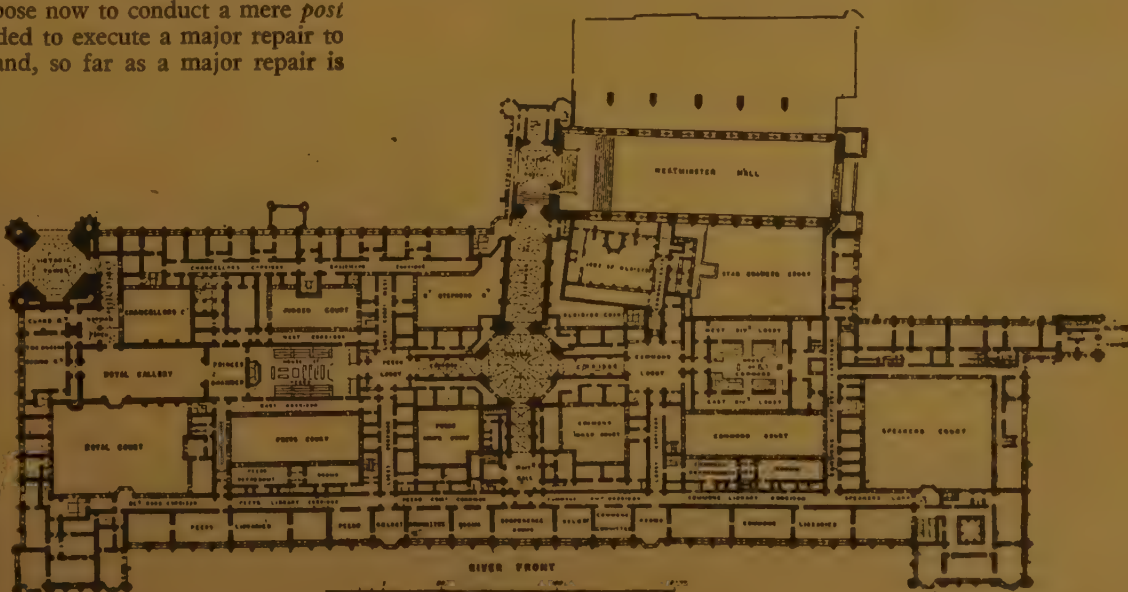


Houses of Parliament seen from the river, before the 1940 bombing

doubtful whether it ever would have been replaced by even a semblance of its old self. Unfortunately the actual problem lay somewhere between these two comparatively simple extremes.

This stylistic controversy should have been effectively conducted and courageously resolved at the proper time—before the designs were put in hand. It was not, but it is not my purpose now to conduct a mere *post mortem*. The milk is spilt; it was decided to execute a major repair to the damaged Palace of Westminster, and, so far as a major repair is concerned, Sir Giles Scott has done almost everything that his admirers would have expected.

A hundred years ago Prince Albert, to his rather naive dismay, had to learn the bitter lesson that British Governments are not aware of art. In the intervening century industrial magnates and trade unionists may have replaced the hunting squires, whom poor Albert found so difficult, but he is still right. It may be that there are today individual ministers who are sensitive, progressive, even eccentric in these matters—almost certainly there are—but the British Government as such would still sometimes seem to be aware of only three architects: Sir Edwin Lutyens, Sir Herbert Baker and Sir Giles Scott, and the first two are dead. Granted,



Sir Charles Barry's original plan for the principal floor of the new Palace of Westminster

hidden in the ducts and hollow floors, to be encrusted with pastiche detail—and alas, this time there was no Pugin!

Is Parliamentary Gothic, then, no more than a Gothic encrustation upon the surface of buildings in no other way Gothic? Is it a mere cosmetic to make the Mother of Parliaments, and her unattractive daughters in Ottawa and elsewhere, look older, not younger, than they really are? Are the Houses of Parliament—symbol of England in every American film with an English setting—of no more significance architecturally than any bogus 'olde tea shoppe' in the back streets of a cathedral town; are they no more than a freak imposed incongruously and irrelevantly upon the great story of European art?

Nineteenth-century Oddity

The Houses of Parliament were indeed a nineteenth-century oddity, but they were a major oddity, and cannot be dismissed as a mere footnote to the history of art. They were, in a sense, inevitable. They were not encrusted with niches or spiked with pinnacles because of some whim of the Select Committee, nor because of some eccentricity in Barry—who was in any case, as we may see in his Reform Club, happier as a classicist than as a Gothickist. In England of the eighteenth-thirties, in England of the Reform Bill, of the Tractarians, of the Romantic poets and of the first years of the young Queen's reign, the architectural form of the new Houses of Parliament was at least understandable. The Gothic revival, in itself a facet of the wider and European Romantic Movement, had in the end to receive this seal of official approval. It was affixed when the Select Committee of 1835 laid down that the new Palace of Westminster was to be in 'the Gothic style', though they can have had only the haziest notion of what they really wanted. Less than a hundred years earlier 'Gothic' had been a term of contempt, but now—in 1835—it was a deliberate choice of a committee of the governing class. The choice was so odd and so daring, and yet so momentous and so pregnant with aesthetic disaster for Dominion capitals, that it is worth glancing at the context in which it was made.

The decision was contrary to the whole European tradition and to the deep-seated prejudices of the English gentlemen who made it. For legislators in the high Roman manner or for monarchs embedded in their petty Baroque palaces, from Lisbon to Petersburg, classicism of some kind was the natural setting. Architecturally as well as politically Versailles had been the physical centre of the eighteenth century, and even Bonaparte—though himself a fantastic romantic—could obviously have adorned Paris only with the rather obvious second-hand architecture of the Caesars. And so, too, in England, the Italianate Pall Mall clubs and then the serried Corinthian columns of Carlton House Terrace had arisen, truly Roman and yet destined within five years to look across St. James's Park to Charles Barry's Gothic towers. What, in five years, had happened to make this particular London landscape one of the most enchanting but also one of the most illogical and inconsistent in the world?

One thing that had happened was the Reform Bill: not all the committee of 1835 were necessarily patricians of Eton and the Grand Tour. For most of them, no doubt, 'art' was still Paris, Florence, Rome and Athens. But since the Reform Bill the new and more literary and romantic merchant class was also represented. Above all, even for the patricians themselves Gothic had long been more than something in the air; it had become a serious idea which they could, as educated gentlemen, no longer ignore. The year 1835, it is true, had not yet seen the Gothic propaganda of Ruskin and Tennyson, nor the heated passions of the Oxford Movement and the Battle of the Styles; nevertheless the revival of Gothic was already recognised as at least one facet of fashionable culture. Until 1835, however, that style—or what the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries chose to consider as the Gothic style—had been used only for new churches or as an amusing toy which eccentric aristocrats might play with when adorning their parks or mansions. It had been useful for follies.

Neither the archaeological nor even the historical sense had been a major asset of the eighteenth-century intellect, and it was only a handful of eccentrics—landowners, poets, architects—who, bored with the boredom of the Age of Reason, had found an outlet or at least an amusing hobby in their own very peculiar conception of the Age of Chivalry. This romantic and often foolish interest in heraldry and armour, in dreaming towers, in dim religious light and privy posterns, can, of course, be traced back—a thin scarlet thread through the Augustan and Baroque Ages—to Milton, Spenser, Mallory. But it was the eighteenth century itself that had produced such direct manifestations as

the Gothic novel—*Vathek* and the *Castle of Otranto*—the sham ruin, the plaster fan vaulting at Strawberry Hill or Beckford's crazy abbey at Fonthill. Then had come Evangelical fervour, the resurgence of the Camden Society, the ecclesiologists and the attempt—known as 'the million pound fund'—to give the new industrial areas new Gothic churches—mean and attenuated but recognisably Gothic.

What was startling therefore about the decision of 1835 was not that a Gothic building should be demanded, but that the style should be thought suitable for the most important building in the Empire. The fact was that the age of elegance had ended. The Houses of Parliament, conceived significantly in the brief years of the interregnum between the death of George IV and the accession of Victoria, was the first architectural expression both of the intense romanticism and the philistinism of the class that had triumphed politically in 1832. It was to be almost a generation before that earnest philistinism was to become the commercial cynicism of the 'sixties. For the moment it was sufficient that the Regency had ended and the Albertine era was about to be born. The style which had been the plaything of eccentrics now received the hall-mark of respectability.

In explanation two factors must be remembered: the first was that across the road was the Abbey and (unharmful in the midst of the gutted Palace) Westminster Hall. This weighed with the Select Committee, but must not be exaggerated. Stylistic harmony was not a primary consideration. If some of the members could add Gothic wings to their Palladian mansions, others were equally capable, had they thought fit, of placing a Palladian Parliament House in the Westminster setting. They did not think fit, mainly perhaps because of the second factor that George IV was dead and already—though the Victorian domestic bliss had not arrived—he was a symbol of a rakish and profligate era, best forgotten. Indissolubly linked with that era were John Nash, the Pavilion at Brighton, the fortunes squandered on Buckingham Palace, and the whole disreputable stucco extravagance of the Regent Street episode. British governments are good at making people forget, and even a new architectural style can be dragged in to help. Nash and the Regent had for the moment put classical architecture into the category of the socially discreditable.

A Grey Ghost

So, in the end, in 1835 we had our new Gothic Houses of Parliament and in 1950 we have our new Gothic Commons' Chamber. The Gothic trappings of 1835 clothe a building of classic dignity, and, essentially, of the London scene—Monet painted it not as architecture, but as a grey ghost against the winter sunset—whereas the Gothic trappings of 1950 clothe a complex if uninspired machine for debating in. Apart from its equipment—heating, amplifiers and so on—this machine is related neither to the techniques nor to the materials nor to the thoughts of our times. We may not particularly like our times, but all great architecture has been in some sense a child of its age. To regard architectural style as a species of fancy dress to be taken off one of a row of pegs, is architectural death. Such art may meet a whim, it may for a time seem pretty, but in the end it goes into the lumber room to be ignored and forgotten. Neither Barry nor Scott was personally responsible for the style imposed upon him, but I think the decision of 1835 was right and the decision of 1950 was wrong. I think that in 1950 a modern building—crystalline, colourful, metallic, rich and aesthetically honest—could have been inserted quite harmoniously into the Palace courtyard: not easy, but just possible. On the other hand, I think that, in the context of his time, Barry did design a contemporary building—a milestone of sorts, if rather an odd one, upon the highroad of the great Romantic Movement.

But Gothic—no! Real Gothic, medieval building—the towers of Albi, Amiens or Beauvais—was designed to shatter the stars; it was immoderate, it was passionate, mystical, emotional. These were qualities of which Pugin might be suspected and so he remained a subordinate—but they were qualities which both Sir Charles Barry and Sir Giles Scott, as professional gentlemen, must hurriedly disclaim.

—Third Programme

'Periodicals for Refugees' is the name of a small organisation recently set up to send free packets of second-hand pamphlets to the 'hard core' of intellectual displaced persons in Germany and Austria. Copies of serious and technical magazines and newspapers such as *The Times* and *The Manchester Guardian* are particularly welcome. Parcels can be sent to the collecting centre up to 15 pounds for 1s. 6d. Those willing to help are asked to write to the Secretary, Periodicals for Refugees, 5 Southampton Place, London, W.C.1.

Robert Hooke, Inventive Genius

By E. N. da C. ANDRADE, F.R.S.

IN his famous diary Samuel Pepys records that on July 15, 1665, he went to a meeting of the Royal Society, which had been founded a few years earlier, to be admitted as a Fellow. After the meeting most of the company went to the Crown Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, to a club supper. He writes 'Above all, Mr. Boyle was at the meeting, and above him Mr. Hooke, who is the most, and promises the least, of any man in the world that ever I saw'—meaning that, although his appearance was most unpromising, he was a man of outstanding genius. That was the Robert Hooke of whom I have a word to say to you here.

First, I should, perhaps, tell you why he has a claim on your attention. He was one of the most brilliant, inventive and versatile men of science who have ever lived. He not only was responsible for the first design of a host of modern instruments, but also anticipated many theoretical advances made later: he was not only outstanding in physics and mechanics—one fundamental law that he enunciated bears his name—but also made noteworthy advances in astronomy, geology and in chemistry, and was, in addition, quite a good architect. He lived in the time when Newton was making his prodigious discoveries, and he was undoubtedly in profundity and precision completely overshadowed by that great man, who had a mathematical genius denied to Hooke, but in fertility of invention, in ingenious devising, he has probably never been excelled.

Robert Hooke was born in 1635 at the village of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, but the visitor to that pretty spot will find no trace left of the house of his birth. His father was curate there. Robert was a weakly child, who grew up stooping and bent. It appears from the descriptions of him that we have—and they were written by people who were kindly disposed towards him—that he was pale, lean and meanly ugly, with 'full and popping eyes', says his friend John Aubrey. This is no doubt the reason that no portrait is known of him: it is quite natural that he should not want to have his mean and paltry appearance perpetuated in painting. As a boy he went to Westminster School, where, apparently, he did well. It is said that for some time he was an apprentice of the famous painter Sir Peter Lely, and it is certain from things of his that remain that he drew very well indeed. At the age of eighteen he went to Oxford, where he occupied a lowly social position, although he 'had a good maintenance', as the phrase was, as a chorister.

It was there that he came in contact with the wealthy and brilliant young Robert Boyle, eight years his senior, who is sometimes called, for his great services to chemical science, the 'father of chemistry'—and brother to the Earl of Cork'. Boyle employed Hooke as paid assistant, and Hooke made with his own hands, for Boyle, the first air pump ever known in England, which was a great improvement on the very first air pump, devised some years earlier by the

celebrated Otto von Guericke, a German. About this time Hooke was much concerned with projects for flying by means of artificial wings, but he decided, as a result of trials and calculations, 'that the muscles of a man's body were not sufficient to do anything considerable of that kind', which is, of course, quite correct. It was the internal combustion engine that, some 250 years later, first made flight possible for man.

While still in the early twenties Hooke made an invention of the greatest importance, that of the spring-controlled balance wheel for watches. You all know that the going of a watch is controlled by a little wheel that oscillates on its axis, moving round first in one direction and then in the other under the influence of a coiled hair spring: before this device was introduced an error of, say, half-an-hour a day in a watch was considered very good going. The history of Hooke's invention is obscure. The great Dutch scientist Christian Huygens certainly brought out a watch with a spring-governed balance wheel in 1674, but I myself, having examined the evidence which is available, have little doubt that Hooke had produced such a watch much earlier. On the other hand, I cannot find evidence for giving the invention of the anchor escapement, used to govern the pendulum clock, to Hooke, although it is ascribed to him in most books. Anyhow, Hooke has enough undoubtedly to his credit for us not to insist too much on his improvements of timekeepers. But this incident of the balance wheel was important in Hooke's life, for he felt that he had been 'let down', as we say nowadays, by influential people who had promised their support in promoting and particularly in protecting his invention. No doubt this great disappointment influenced his subsequent outlook.

Let us look briefly at his life. The Royal Society, which was founded in 1660, received its official Charter from King Charles II in 1662, when Hooke was twenty-seven, and he was at that time appointed to a post in the Society which went by the name of Curator—we do not have a Curator any more. It was his duty to provide the Society with experiments on every occasion that they met—and they met most weeks. This prodigious task he carried out for years, and his devotion to the Society was one of the main things that kept it active and significant at a time when the scientific societies of France and Italy languished. In his thirtieth year Hooke produced a great book, which, although written in English—not so usual in those days, when learned books generally came out in Latin—bore a Latin title, *Micrographia*. This book contains a series of beautiful plates of objects seen through the microscope, plates which were so good that they were reprinted for the next 150 years or so. The German historian of science, Poggen-dorff, describes them as giving the first precise and detailed observations which we possess. The microscope with which Hooke worked was distinguished by many new features which he introduced: he paid, for instance, particular attention to the illumination, which nobody had worried about before. But the microscope observations are only

one part of the book: it contains discussions of the nature of light and the nature of heat, in which, for instance, Hooke strongly urged the correct view that heat is a manifestation of a motion of the parts of a body—'Heat a Mode of Motion,' as Tyndall called his book on heat some 200 years later. Besides this, the book is full of shrewd conjecture and correct anticipation of later work. Hooke says, for instance, very plainly, that he is convinced that telescopes of greater and greater aperture will show more and more stars, which subsequent observation has shown to be true, and, in quite a different vein, he anticipates very clearly the



Microscope designed and used by Hooke, now in the Science Museum, London
Crown Copyright



Picture of a flea from Hooke's *Micrographia*. The original, on a folding plate, is sixteen inches long

By courtesy of Professor Andrade

invention of artificial silk. He writes: 'And I have often thought, that probably there might be a way out, to make an artificial glutinous composition, much resembling, if not full as good, nay better, than that Excrement, or whatever other substance it be out of which the Silk-worm wire-draws his clew. If such a composition were found, it were certainly an easie matter to find very quick ways of drawing it out into small wires for use. I need not mention the use of such an Invention, nor the benefit that is likely to accrue to the finder, they being sufficiently obvious. This hint therefore, may, I hope, give some Ingenious inquisitive Person an occasion of making some trials, which if successfull, I have my aim, and I suppose he will have no occasion to be displeas'd'. This book, the *Micrographia*, gained Hooke considerable fame at home and abroad: for instance, a German named Sturm said that whoever did not admit that England bore the palm for microscopes was either envious or had not seen Hooke's book.

Wren's Chief Assistant

The year 1665 that saw the appearance of this book also saw the outbreak of the Great Plague in London, which was followed by the Great Fire in 1666. The fire, of course, meant a great rebuilding scheme and the versatile Hooke actively assisted Sir Christopher Wren in this task—in fact it is not too much to say he was Wren's chief assistant. This surveying and architectural work brought in a good deal of money, and Hooke was for the first time very comfortably off, but all through the period of rebuilding he never stopped experimenting, inventing and seeking for the general causes of what he observed. For some years he acted as Secretary to the Royal Society. A sad feature of the prime of Hooke's life is his disputes with Isaac Newton, which were fostered by mischievous hands. There is a good deal to be said on both sides, but each man often expressed admiration for the work of the other and I myself feel that an understanding friend might have brought them together, or at any rate, kept them from active dissension.

It is to be remembered that throughout his life Hooke was a sick man. Terrible headaches, vomiting, giddiness, sleeplessness, fearful dreams, vexed him day in and day out: if he ate something that agreed with him he recorded it in his diary as something noteworthy. He was often querulous, no doubt, but he often had a good deal to be querulous about. He complained that his inventions were stolen and that he did not get full credit for what he did. The fact is that he turned out his inventions at such a rate and so often left them unperfected that it is frequently hard to decide as to the justice of his complaints, but on certain occasions one can say that he definitely was not well treated. The last years of his life were spent in miserable ill-health and he died in a state of complete exhaustion in 1703, at the age of sixty-seven. At his funeral the Fellows of the Royal Society attended in force, but the site of his grave is unmarked and unrecorded.

Founder of the Science of Weather

Let us now run briefly through some of his achievements. He practically founded the science of the weather: he invented not only the wheel barometer, in which the pressure of the atmosphere is indicated by a moving hand, but instruments for measuring the strength of the wind and the atmospheric humidity and also a self-measuring rain gauge. He even made a 'weather clock' for recording pressure, temperature, rainfall, atmospheric moisture and wind. He made the first modern astronomical instruments. Until his time the positions of stars were measured by instruments with open sights, like those of a rifle: he introduced telescopic sights, as used today, furnished with cross wires which permitted much greater accuracy in the measurement of the stars, as he pointed out in a reasoned way. He described the first clock-controlled telescope. In connection with his astronomical instruments he describes the universal joint, sometimes still called Hooke's joint, for joining two rods not in a line, so that one can be turned by the other. He invented the iris diaphragm. He devised a variety of instruments for taking soundings at sea, and one for bringing up samples of sea water. And, in quite a different line, he worked out an optical telegraph, in which systems of signals made on hills and read by telescopes, enabled information to be rapidly transmitted. Such telegraphs were used in the Napoleonic wars. Certain symbols proposed by Hooke remind one of modern times—one symbol meant, 'I am ready to communicate': another 'Show the last again': another 'Not too fast'.

Everyone who studies physics or engineering knows Hooke's law, that when we load any body, or system of bodies, the stress—that is, force per unit area—is proportional to strain—that is, to the amount of

deformation produced. Double the load means double the stretch, or the bending, or whatever it is that we are measuring. The mathematical theory of elasticity is built on this law. It seems probable that it was Hooke who discovered Boyle's law, known to every young student of science: he was working with Boyle at the time of the discovery, and both Boyle's account and Hooke's seem to support this view. He was the first to publish the general principles on which the motion of the planets should be explained, although Newton had it before him, but kept it secret. This was one of the causes of the trouble between the two men. He made astronomical observations of first class importance. And, in geology, he was, I believe, the first to recognise that fossils offered a definite record of the past life of the globe, and were not freaks of nature. The great point is that, in general, his outlook on the history of the globe was strictly scientific, at a time when, in general, the views put forward were fantastic.

Hooke early arrived at the essentials of the true theory of combustion and of respiration: his experiments led him to the conclusion that when a substance was burnt in air something in the air was used up and this something was copiously contained in saltpetre. We know today that what is in question is oxygen. In the same way he reasoned from his experiments that in breathing something essential to life was taken from the air and something noisome was breathed back into the air. He even tried on himself the effect of breathing air at reduced pressure. The space in which he made the experiment was a cask inside another cask, the space between the two being filled with water, to make it airtight. He managed to keep the pressure at a quarter of an atmosphere below normal, which is about what it is in an aeroplane flying at 8,000 feet. He stayed in there for a quarter of an hour, fresh air being admitted now and then. As might be expected from what we know now, he experienced little inconvenience. These were the first experiments on breathing at abnormal pressures.

Shrewdness and Fertility

Dozens, literally, of further cases could be given of Hooke's scientific shrewdness and fertility. He was, for instance, the first to speculate in a modern way about crystal structure. I must, however, content myself with one final example, from Pepys' diary. Hooke had found a way of measuring the number of vibrations that correspond to a given musical note, and had explained to Pepys that he could therefore tell from the pitch of the humming note that a fly made in flying how many times a second it was flapping its wings, which Pepys describes as follows. 'Discours'd with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, those flies that hum in their flying, by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine'. I suggest to you that those who have Pepys' diary look up the name of Hooke in the index.

I have tried to give you some notion of this extraordinary little man, ever busy and ever devising new things, now in mechanics, now in chemistry, now in astronomy, bursting with fresh notions, nearly all of great importance, scarcely finishing one thing before he thought out another. John Ward, who wrote a short life of Hooke some years after his death, says truly, 'Had he been more steady in his pursuits and perfected one discovery before he entered upon another, he might perhaps in some cases have done greater service to the public and prevented what often gave him uneasiness, the fear of losing credit of them by others, who built upon his foundations'.

Many found him quarrelsome and acrimonious—he was sick and sorely tried—but he had good and steadfast friends, among them some of the best men of his time, men like Christopher Wren and the great physician Sydenham. When, a year or so ago, I had the privilege of speaking about Hooke at length before the Royal Society, I quoted a number of scientific men of the highest distinction—English, French and German—who had written of Hooke in terms of warm approval and I claimed, giving examples, that all those who had gone direct to his writing and to the records of the time had conceived the highest admiration for his astonishing industry, his wholehearted devotion to science, his inventiveness, his ingenuity, his fertility and his brilliant theoretical insight. But those who have gone direct to his writings and to the records of the Royal Society are comparatively few and in general I feel that he has not had his due. Make no mistake—among English men of science he stands very near the top.—*Third Programme*

The Mark of Greatness

Greatness in the British Soldier

By Field-Marshal SIR WILLIAM SLIM

AS a soldier, I've been asked to say something about the greatest soldier I had met and known. So I'm going to. The funny thing is, I can't tell you his name. It changes. Sometimes he has an English name, sometimes Scottish, sometimes Welsh or Irish. That is because the soldier I want to talk about, the greatest soldier I've met—and, believe me, I've met a lot of all sorts—is the ordinary British soldier.

I hope you don't think it's a foul to choose as my Great Man, not a single hero, but a whole group of men. Our race and our army have produced great men enough. We have had our Pitts and our Churchills, our Marlboroughs and our Wavells, but I believe their greatness, in their finest hours, was that they expressed and focussed the spirit and the qualities that infused the whole British people. Any nation, now and then, may throw up a great man, but unless its people have greatness in them, it won't cut a very noble figure at the bar of history. An army must have Generals to lead it, but if the only men in it who have the mark of greatness are the Generals, it will win few victories.

The Two Tests

To be great a man—or a people—must pass two tests. They must show greatness in character, and greatness in achievement. Now there are whole sections of our people, luckily for us large sections, which show in a special degree those marks of greatness. There are our ordinary British housewives. If you want to know what greatness of character is, look at them in the blitz; if you want to know greatness of achievement, look now at the children they raised in hardship and peril. I could do a jolly good broadcast on the British housewife, but I have to deal with someone else, great also in character and achievement—the British soldier. Think for a moment of the soldier's job. In war he has not only to fight, but in order to be able to fight at all, he has continually to perform every activity that goes on in a civilian community, and do it under the most uncomfortable, nerve-racking, and dangerous conditions. In peace he is often called upon to restore order or carry on essential services when these tasks have proved too difficult for the civil authority.

What qualities does he need for all this? He must have courage, lots of it; endurance, moral and physical; skill with his weapons and at the techniques of his trade—for soldiering these days is a highly skilled trade. He must be adaptable and he must have discipline. A formidable list that, but if he fails in any one of them he cannot be a good—let alone a great—soldier. As to courage, our race, whatever its faults, has never failed for want of courage. From the days of Joan of Arc down to the British soldier today on a Korean hillside, our friends, and, what's perhaps more to the point, our enemies, have picked out the British soldier as the staunchest of comrades and the most formidable of foes.

It's not that the British soldier is braver than other soldiers; he isn't, but he's brave for a bit longer, and it's that bit that counts. Endurance is the very fibre of his courage and of his character. He stays where he is until he has won. He did it at Gibraltar two hundred years ago. A few years back he was doing it at Kohima. He's ready to do it now in Korea. Many years ago, when I was a young officer, my battalion was hard pressed, and I was sent with a couple of men to get into touch with a unit which we hoped was still on our left. Worming our way from one bit of cover to the next, we eventually dropped into a trench that had been badly smashed by shell fire. Pistol in hand I scrambled over the fallen earth, through bay after bay, finding nothing but wreckage and the dead. I think I would have turned back then, but I was as frightened to go back as to go on. So I went on. At last, round a traverse, I heard voices. My heart in my mouth, I strained my ears to listen. An agitated voice was proclaiming that another attack was coming and they'd all be wiped out. There was a pause and then one of those creamy West Country voices drawled, 'Aw, don' 'ee worry. Us'n 'll beat they!' I'd found the Glosters. The British soldier in his long career has suffered so many disasters, won so many victories, that neither the one nor the other unduly depresses or elates him. Come what

may, he holds to his inflexible confidence in ultimate victory. It may take a long time, it may mean all sorts of grim things, but—'Us'n 'll beat they!'

Unlike most others, the British Army has to be ready to fight or serve anywhere. Western Europe or furthest Asia, desert or jungle, it's all in the day's work. A few hundred years of that have bred in the British soldier an adaptability to climate and terrain and conditions that is one of his most valuable assets. In the same way he takes readily to new weapons. The Britisher fights best when he can see his enemy and that's why, I think, his skill has always been high with his personal short-range weapons. He first gained international fame as a bowman whose hard driven shafts broke the armoured chivalry of France. The steady disciplined volleys of Minden, the deadly musketry of the thin red line of the Peninsula, the fifteen rounds a minute of the Old Contemptibles, down to the anti-tank gunners of the desert still firing as the Panzers rumbled over them, held this tradition of skill at arms. May we always keep it, for it is the foundation of battle-craft.

An army without discipline is no more than a mob, alternating between frightened sheep and beasts of prey. Discipline, as the British soldier has demonstrated it in peace and war, is the old Christian virtue of unselfishness, of standing by your neighbour, your comrades. It is the sacrifice of a man's comfort, inclination, safety, even life, for others, for something greater than himself. It is the refusal to be the weak link in the chain that snaps under strain. Once, from the safety of a well-dug command post, I looked down on a battery of artillery in action in the African bush. It was firing at five rounds per gun per minute and, idly, I timed the nearest gun. The enemy, unfortunately, in the area, had complete local air supremacy, and guns, unless engaged in some vital task, were ordered to remain silent whenever hostile aircraft appeared. Gradually, dominating all other sound, came the dull drone of bombers flying low. But the guns went on firing, five rounds per gun per minute, for they were supporting an infantry attack. The first stick of bombs fell round the gun I was watching. Some of its crew were hit. The dry bush roared into flames, which spread instantly to the camouflage nets over the gun. It vanished from my sight in smoke and flame. Yet from the very midst of that inferno, at the exact intervals, came the flash and thud of the gun firing. Never a falter, never a second out. No weak link there: discipline held.

The Quality of Gentleness

Any soldier who has courage, endurance, skill at arms, adaptability and discipline, will be a very efficient soldier but he won't be the British soldier, for he has something more. It may seem strange to talk of gentleness as a soldierly quality, but it is—and he has it. Time and again the British soldier has combined real toughness in hardship and battle, with gentleness to the weak, the defeated, the unhappy. Our bitterest enemies would rather be occupied by British troops than by any others. The British soldier is a grim fighter—but, bless him, a bad hater. He moves amid strange races and surroundings with an unarrogant assurance, that radiates confidence. In famines, epidemics, earthquakes, floods he has earned the dumb gratitude of millions. Thousands he has protected against their own violence and fanaticism—often with poor reward.

One sweltering afternoon in the Red Fort at Delhi a company of British infantry was hurriedly falling in. There was a riot in the city, Hindu against Muslim. Heads were being broken, men stabbed, shops looted and burned. As the troops struggled into their equipment an officer said, 'Now remember, in this quarrel you're neutral'. A young soldier turned to his Sergeant, 'Wot did 'e mean by nootral, Sergeant?' he asked. 'Nootral, me lad', replied the N.C.O., 'Nootral means that when you go down that adjectival bazaar, you're just as likely to be 'it by a Mo'ammedan brick as by a 'Indu brick'.

Unruffled by brickbats or bouquets, the British soldier has marched across history, dominating the scene. Success that might turn another's head he greets with studied under-statement; disaster that would appal most he meets with a jest, for his courage is always laced with humour.

—with his own brand of humour, that is part of him and that he has kept quick, topical and good-natured through the centuries. There was a Grenadier, at Fontenoy, who as the French presented their muskets for a devastating volley intoned, 'For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful'. He must have been brother to the freezing British fighting man crouching under a Korean blizzard, who exclaimed, 'I wish to Heaven the Iron Curtain was windproof!' Many countries produce fine soldiers, whose achievements rival those of our own. It is in character that the British soldier shows beyond others the mark of greatness. Courage, endurance, skill, adaptability, discipline they may have, but none blends these qualities together as he does with this leaven of gentleness and humour. Nor has any other soldier his calm unshakable confidence of victory. The character of the British soldier is his own, but in his achievements he has owed much to his officers. The Regimental Officers of the British Army have in all

soldierly qualities, self-sacrifice and in leadership been worthy of their men. They could not have, nor would they covet, higher praise.

Well, that's the British soldier, officer and man. We do take him for granted a bit, don't we? How many of you sitting there, listening to me, know more about the victories of your local football team than about those of your county regiment? Good luck to your football teams, but give a hand to your Army too, for it is your Army, much more a part of the nation than it has ever been before in peace, and on it much more than a game may depend.

We have forced on us now the grim necessity to look to our defences. That will mean for all of us inconvenience and sacrifice, but before we grumble too much let us remember two things. First—never was an untrained man of less value in war than he is today. And second, if we deny ourselves to arm our forces, those arms will be going to the greatest of all fighting men—the British soldier.—*Home Service*

Red Army Men Speak Out

By PAUL ANDERSON

DO you remember the case of Flight-Lieutenant Driver a few weeks ago? Flight-Lieutenant Driver of the R.A.F. had been detained by the Soviet military authorities after he made an emergency landing on a Russian controlled airfield in the eastern zone of Germany. Some time later the story broke that the Soviet authorities had demanded that the British should turn over to them (so to speak as *quid pro quo* for Driver's release) a certain Red Army Lieutenant Bystrow who had escaped to the west. As you know this demand was refused and Driver was subsequently released.

I think it was only then that most people in this country realised that there exists in our midst a new kind of Russian refugee—men of the Red Army who seek asylum in the west as political refugees. It is a very new kind indeed. So different in fact from the traditional 'Russian refugee' of the 'twenties (whom one automatically associated with Grand-Ducal taxi-drivers and headwaiters) that they might as well belong to a different race of men. It so happens that on a recent trip to western Germany I had occasion to meet not only this Lieutenant Bystrow, but, much more interesting, a fair number of former Red Army privates—that is to say ordinary Soviet conscript soldiers, who are now homeless refugees in the west. It is about these boys that I am talking here.

Trying to give you a faithful report of my interviews I am not unaware of the danger of generalising, nor of the even greater danger of crude black-and-white drawings which you may dismiss as more like a caricature than a real-life picture. There are by now quite a few of these Red Army refugees—not vast numbers. It is a thin trickle—but still, a trickle. But I must also say this: that I discovered in these men nothing suggesting that they were in any way untypical, unusual or extraordinary types. In fact, they all seemed as like each other as a sack of apples off the same tree. All of them were in their early twenties and all of them had grown up as Kolkhoz workers, that is to say: collective farm labourers.

That is what they *are* and that is what they must be called: collective farm labourers. For in no sense are they peasants (as you will soon see), except in one sense: they do look like peasants; indeed, everyone of them looked unmistakably like a Russian, or, at least, an eastern European peasant. And if you have ever seen a picture or a photograph of Russian peasants then there is very little the descriptive word could add. With the exception of one of them—a rather nervy, black-haired, highly-strung but very intelligent Caucasian—they were short, heavy-boned, square-jawed, mostly with a thick crop of fair hair, blue eyes and dull expression. That is not to say that they lack all form of manners or grace. They lack the manners and polish of the educated person, but there is—as always with unspoilt, primitive people—a certain natural grace and inborn good-manner and courtesy.

However, most striking—both with regard to their manner and their appearance was the fact that they all seemed like boys (almost like children) rather than fully grown men. Whether they were laughing and grinning, shy or a little overbearing, friendly or sullen, open-faced or moody—none of them seemed to have outgrown the mentality of the

small boy. They like the things small boys like: mechanical things, smart post-vans, radio-sets, wrist-watches, bicycles, etc. They have the pride of little boys ('I-can-drive-a-lorry-at-more-than-sixty-miles-an-hour') and like all boys they are terribly keen on personal possessions—little possessions. Fancy pocket-handkerchiefs, for example, shoes and ties are important items. Very important, too, is the interest in animals—especially strange animals. One of the lads begged to be shown a zoo only an hour after he had surrendered to the British authorities as a political refugee and a self-declared 'opponent of Stalin-communism'. He was shown a zoo and for days he could hardly talk about anything else. What an experience! I found it a little difficult to believe that he had never seen a picture of, or at any rate heard stories about elephants, lions and crocodiles—but he said he hadn't. In fact, like most of the boys, he had never seen (let alone owned) a picture book or an illustrated book in all his life. (Don't forget: these are not office clerks from Moscow or Leningrad—but Kolkhoz labourers from Siberia, the Ukraine, the Urals and the Caucasus.) But perhaps the most important thing in their lives is food—what you eat and, even more, how much and how often. For that, too, is adventure. Most of the meals and dishes they now eat in their temporary west German homes and hostels they had never seen, or tasted or heard of, and, I assure you, it is a very ordinary diet not to say a frugal one.

At first I was bewildered by their constant amazement at the most ordinary things. But how very understandable it all became when they started talking about themselves and told me, one after another, the stories of their own young lives. Most of the men were virtually uneducated in any sense of the word. Their ignorance of the world is almost total; all the greater, of course, was their shock after the first glimpses of the non-Russian world. Theoretically there is a seven-year elementary school education for all Soviet children. Obviously, school facilities vary from place to place and, as I have said, these lads came from all parts of the Soviet Union. However, not one of them had finished elementary school. Only two had reached the fifth year and by far the majority had had between two and four years schooling only—and that only very spasmodically. Naturally the war and the German invasion had something to do with that, at least in certain parts of the country. But the really deciding factor was usually lack of shoes or lack of warm clothes and, to a lesser extent, the need to lend a hand in the fields or in the little private cabbage plot which every Kolkhoz family owns as, so to speak, a last remnant of private property. Without a single exception every one of the boys told me that it is that little potato and cabbage garden (or the occasional pig or goat, known as 'the Stalin Cow', because goats are tax-free) that makes the difference between extreme poverty and actual famine, between life and death.

Here I want to give you a short summary of what the men told me about the working of the collective farm or Kolkhoz system. (The word Kolkhoz is an abbreviation and means collective farm.) The boys call themselves, in Soviet slang, 'Kolkhozniki'. And to them, quite naturally, everybody who is not actually a factory or city worker is a 'Kolkhoznik'. As a matter of interest I quite often asked the question:

'Do you remember the time when Russian peasants ceased to be peasants and became collective farm labourers?' That is the sort of question that does not produce much change and I was amazed how many of these young lads really did not know how and when it had all come about. They say: 'Father was a peasant' or 'My uncle had a large and well-stocked farm', and they tell you a few nostalgic stories about the numbers of cows or sheep the family had once owned, and it rather sounded like a well-born but impoverished offspring of a great family talking about the castles they had once owned.

The young Kolkhozniki with whom I had to deal were all of an age to have no personal recollection of Russia's peasant life. They had been born into the collective farm. In point of fact the system is of comparatively recent date—the result of the gigantic drive for compulsory collectivisation of all Soviet agriculture which was carried through in the early 'thirties. The original idea, that 'centralised planning' plus 'mechanisation of agriculture' plus 'socialist co-operation' should then vastly increase Russia's annual output of all agrarian produce and, at the same time, raise the standard of living of Russia's peasants to quite unknown heights, is obviously pure textbook stuff and has no meaning whatsoever to the young Red Army conscripts of 1949 or 1950. All they know and are concerned about is what the Kolkhoz system has done to their lives: the incredible hardship of their everyday life—the poverty, the lack of food, the longing to get out of it all; and one has to hear young Soviet Kolkhozniki talk about their own lives in order to realise that not the October Revolution of 1917 but the compulsory collectivisation of agriculture, nearly twenty years later, was the real social revolution, and that it has remained ever since the one deep social conflict in the Soviet society.

When the young Red Army men talked to me about these things, they talked like angry men—angry and frustrated and full of bitter resentment. Many of them told me that they had heard from their fathers and older brothers coming home from the war rumours about the forthcoming liquidation of the Kolkhoz system. But of course it did not happen. Quite the contrary happened, they say. For one thing, labour-discipline in the collective farms was severely tightened-up. One of the boys told me the story of his old mother. It was he who called her 'old' although it appears that she was only just fifty. At any rate, she was a sick, ailing woman and quite unable to fulfil the so-called labour-norms of an adult Kolkhoznik. He went to the management of the collective farm to plead for his mother and to have her freed, at least, from the heaviest work. But as he had feared from the beginning, he merely got into a terrible row and there were the usual threats about

'punishing malingerers', threats of trial and prosecution and suggestions of 'deliberate sabotage'. All this, by the way, happened during his last army-leave and he made up his mind then and there to run for it whenever he got the chance.

The crux of the whole system, they all explained, is the system of compulsory state deliveries, so-called 'plan-fulfilment deliveries', and, over and beyond that, so-called 'over-plan deliveries'. All these deliveries that must be made, say the boys, have nothing to do with what the soil has actually yielded. It is all on paper and all you hear the whole year round is 'plan-fulfilment'—'plan-fulfilment'. The result is obvious. The stories I heard from the Red Army men were all stories of an endless battle against hunger and starvation: hunger incidentally in the most brutal and elementary sense—quite apart from appalling poverty in all other respects.

This is the system that forms the background of the majority of Russia's fighting men and, without some understanding of it, one could not begin to appreciate the mentality and outlook of these raw young Red Army lads whose entire existence (and that of their families) is dominated by this one decisive fact: the Kolkhoz system. If what I heard from them is only remotely true—allowing for exaggeration and the temptation of self-dramatisation—then it is also true that compulsory collectivisation has brought endless misery and that it is actively hated by the great majority of Russians. For the main reason why there is 'a new kind of Russian refugee'—that is to say, the Soviet Army deserter—is the fear of the return to the Kolkhoz.

And do many people die of hunger? I asked one of them. And I was a little shaken when he answered with a shrug and a grin and a deep Russian voice: 'Why, yes, when the year is bad, many people die. When there's no food people die, horses die, oxen and sheep die'—as if it were the most normal and ordinary thing to say. I asked other questions: 'Have you ever slept in a bed?' 'How many spoons or knives does your family own?' 'How many friends or relations have been deported?' 'Did you ever get a present of any sort?' 'Did you own a suit or ever ride in a motor-car?' and so forth. To nearly all these questions the answer is 'No'. 'No, I hadn't eaten meat since I was fifteen, till I was called up'. 'I never read a book'. 'We had one knife for the family, chained to mother's stove'. 'Yes, I had a pair of boots, till I was twelve'. 'Hardly anybody in the village has a bed; we sleep on bunks and straw'. 'Never had a present'. 'Never had a toy, never a holiday, never a feast'. That is how the answers go—incidentally without any noticeable traces or undertones of self-pity. That is just how life is.—*Home Service*

When an Atomic Bomb Bursts

(continued from page 207)

by the water. The under-water shock may sink ships and damage wharfs, though the warships at Bikini stood up pretty well, but the residual contamination might be very serious if the burst was near a harbour. Unfortunately there is a good deal of doubt as to the physics of the thing. The Bikini lagoon is 200 feet deep, a good deal deeper than the water near most of our harbours, and this may make quite a difference. It is even possible that in shallow water there would be no base-surge at all, which would greatly reduce the area contaminated, but at the worst the contamination might be such as to produce a fifty per cent. chance of death to an unprotected man over a radius of a mile and a half, the region of contamination being swept down-wind if there is any. Half the radioactive effect would be over in fifteen minutes, and those far enough away not to be fatally injured in this time would have a fair chance of escape. The decontamination of such an area would take time, but time would be on one's side. Even if nothing were done the effect would gradually disappear. At first, workers will only be allowed in for short periods, perhaps only a few minutes; then the period can be increased without the workers exceeding their tolerance dose of radiation.

What would happen in any underground burst is still largely speculation based on tolerably good theory, for there has been no such burst, or at least none has been reported. There would be some earthquake effect but it is generally believed that the damage to buildings would be less than with an air-burst. There would be a crater two to three hundred yards across and most of the soil removed would become radioactive and might be scattered far. Probably the immediate effect would

be less than for an air-burst, but it might take longer to put right.

It has been suggested more than once that an enemy possessing the piles used for making plutonium might distribute the radioactive material, which is a by-product of the process, as a poisonous dust. It would indeed be possible, in theory at least, to make a few square miles uninhabitable in this way. I do not believe that this is a very promising weapon. If used on a worth-while scale it would seriously interfere with the production of bombs, the distribution problem would not be easy even over an undefended area (and a suitable target would be strongly defended) and though the effect would last longer than ordinary poison gas it is evanescent and its decay can be hastened by decontamination. All the same, it might be used on a small scale as a nuisance weapon and we should have to have an organisation against it. The radiation, though invisible, is quite easy to detect, and if detected promptly and the people removed there should not be many deaths.

The report gives no estimate of probable casualties in an attack on a western city nor have I time to go into this. I recommend those of you who are interested to read an article in the December number of *The Practitioner* by Leader-Williams and Smith which gives very concisely the most up-to-date opinion on this matter.—*Third Programme*

The Reith Lectures for 1951 will be given by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Radcliffe of Werneth, G.B.E., Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, on 'The Problem of Power in Organised Society'. His lectures will be broadcast during the autumn in the Home Service and will be repeated in the Third Programme.

NEWS DIARY

January 31-February 6

Wednesday, January 31

General Eisenhower reports to President Truman on his tour of Europe

A number of German war criminals have prison sentences reduced

More railway passenger services to be suspended to save coal

Thursday, February 1

U.N. General Assembly accepts U.S. resolution condemning Chinese aggression in Korea by 44 votes to 7 with 9 abstentions

The price of coal and coke to be increased

Delivery of motor-cars to home market to be reduced

Friday, February 2

General Eisenhower broadcasts to the American people urging the need for them to take part in the defence of Western Europe

Unofficial strike of dockers begins on Merseyside

Chinese Foreign Minister says U.N. resolution 'slanders' China

Saturday, February 3

Dock strike spreads: 5,000 workers affected

President Truman insists on the importance of a world organisation for peace

Price of soap to be increased

Sunday, February 4

U.N. forces meet increased resistance in Korea

Heavy gales cause damage in many parts of England and Wales

M. Plevin arrives back in Paris from Washington

First General Election held in Gold Coast

Monday, February 5

8,000 Merseyside dockers on strike: Mr. Bevan makes statement in Commons

Eighth Army tanks raid enemy positions in Korea

Soviet Government replies to Western Note on four-power conference

Tuesday, February 6

Trade union leaders discuss economic effects of rearmament with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Minister of Labour

Mr. J. F. Dulles, special envoy of President Truman, sees General MacArthur in Tokyo

Prime Minister of New Zealand pays official visit to Washington



President Truman talking with M. René Plevin, the French Prime Minister, on January 29 at the White House during M. Plevin's visit to Washington to discuss defence. Also in the photograph are (left to right) Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. George Marshall, Secretary of Defence



To commemorate what was said to be the 350th anniversary of the performance of Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' in the Middle Temple Hall, London, the Benchers invited Mr. Donald Wolfitt to present the play on February 2 and 3. H.M. the Queen was present on the first night. The play was acted on a narrow stage built over the dais opposite the Minstrels' Gallery. The music was provided by the Dolmetsch players wearing Elizabethan costumes and using Elizabethan instruments, and the scenery consisted of pictures painted in a book. The photograph shows Donald Wolfitt as Malvolio and Rosalind Iden as Viola in a scene from the play



In the Rugby into Wales, holders of (Wales)



A photograph taken on January 30 of members of the Political Committee at Lake Success voting on the first seven paragraphs of the United States' resolution condemning Chinese aggression in Korea. The Committee approved the resolution by 44 votes to 7 with 8 abstentions. On February 1, the United Nations General Assembly ratified the resolution by 44 votes to 7 with 9 abstentions, thus securing the necessary two-thirds majority



Left: Sir Charles B. Cochran, the theatrical producer who died at the age of 78 on January 31. Cochran sponsored about every kind of public entertainment from Ibsen to boxing, but perhaps was most famous for his revues. He brought Alice Delysia, the Chauve-Souris company and Lucien Guitry to England and collaborated with Noel Coward and Sir Alan Herbert



General Eisenhower addressing an informal meeting of both Houses of Congress in Washington on February 1 after he had completed his tour of the North Atlantic Treaty countries in Europe. He spoke of his impression of the countries he visited and said he had found there a gratifying spirit to resist and do their part. There was, he added, no acceptable alternative to United States help in re-arming of Western Europe. The greatest need was not for American troops but for equipment which must be delivered 'in quantity and quickly'



A helicopter landing on a supply ship on February 1 during tests of the defence of merchant ships in the English Channel



ch last Saturday at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, Scotland defeated town, by 19 points to nil. The photograph shows Lewis Jones ackled by a Scottish player as he kicks the ball away



Broccoli being harvested last week on the shore of Mount Bay, Cornwall. In the background is St. Michael's Mount

Can Influenza be Reduced?

By C. H. ANDREWES, F.R.S.

WE in Britain are at present in the middle of an influenza epidemic. Thousands of people have been in bed and away from work; some, mostly those who already had some other illnesses, have died. What causes this influenza? Why does it come every so often? Is anything being done about it?

There is quite a lot to tell. First, influenza is a disease on its own, not a severe kind of cold, and it is due to a virus. Viruses are the smallest sorts of germs: it is viruses which cause measles, smallpox and poliomyelitis. Viruses grow only in living cells. They have therefore to be studied in experimental animals (ferrets are used in work on influenza) or, as is being done more and more, by growing them in fertile developing hens' eggs. The eggs are incubated till the embryos are a fair size and then a window is made in the shell at the broad end of the egg. Virus is obtained for study by getting a patient to gargle with salt solution and spit the garglings out—these we call 'throat washings'. These throat washings from a case of influenza are introduced into the little bag of fluid surrounding the embryo. After a few days' further incubation, the fluids are removed and some fairly simple examinations on the laboratory bench allow one to say if influenza-virus is present, and if so, to which of the main types it belongs. There are two main types of virus. We call them A and B. They both cause the same kind of illness, but an attack by one does not give you even temporary immunity against the other.

Biennial Affliction

Influenza only visits this country roughly every other year. People who say they have influenza every year or oftener, do not get real influenza every time; more probably they respond in an unusual way to the common cold or some other infection. But you may have two attacks of influenza in one year, one due to virus A, and one due to virus B, but not more. The influenza virus grows in people's throats and it is carried in the air on minute droplets coughed and sneezed out. If you breathe in some of these droplets you may go down with 'flu. In the course of your attack you develop antibodies against the influenza virus in your blood: that is to say, your blood acquires the power of knocking the virus out.

During an epidemic more people escape infection than catch it. I had better say 'seem to escape infection'. Examination of blood samples taken at the tail-end of an epidemic from people who have *not* had 'flu shows that a lot of them have developed these antibodies, though they had no symptoms of 'flu at all. We have evidence which leads us to believe that after breathing in a small dose of 'flu virus you may acquire a resistance quite painlessly and comfortably (as it were) without any symptoms; and then later you can inhale a bigger dose of germs with impunity. If we could only ensure that everyone would receive only such small doses, 'flu would be no longer a problem. At present the best hope of passing unhurt through an epidemic is to avoid crowds as far as you can and trust that you will then breathe your 'flu-germs in by ones and twos instead of by hundreds and thousands.

That is (shall we say?) the consumer end of the story of infection. The producer or distributor end is this: the man with 'flu who does not go to bed, who is a martyr and carries on till he drops, is doing his best to ensure that his fellow-man takes in hundreds of germs and so inevitably catches 'flu. One may add here that good ventilation helps to keep the 'flu germs in the air down to a low level.

Is there anything else that can be done besides avoiding infection? It is possible to make vaccines against 'flu, and they are made from the fluids of the hens' eggs in which the virus is grown. The vaccine can be injected under the skin and definitely gives some protection against the corresponding virus. But there is a difficulty about this. The 'flu virus keeps changing; the fellow causing the last epidemic is not necessarily the same as the present villain, and the vaccine made to thwart the last one may be useless in the present outbreak. These new variants of the virus which keep turning up can be traced as they spread from country to country. If we could only spot, ahead of time,

what sort of virus was coming to us, we might be better able to cope with it when it arrived. This problem is the special job of the World Influenza Centre; this is an activity supported by the World Health Organisation and it is now situated at the National Institute for Medical Research at Mill Hill. Here we keep contact with laboratories all over the world studying influenza; and they send us information and strains of virus. These either come by aeroplane packed in ice; or else they are completely dried and sent by post in sealed glass ampoules. In one morning we received some from Turkey, from Yugoslavia and from France.

In 1948-9 we were able to follow the spread of an epidemic which began in the Mediterranean area, in Sardinia. It spread from there to continental Italy, up to Switzerland, Austria, France and northern Spain, and to western Germany and Holland. About the New Year of 1949, it reached England but was not so extensive here as on the Continent; it finally got as far as Denmark and Iceland. We received virus from most of the countries in the track of the epidemic and they were all alike, a variant of the most important influenza virus, virus A. These studies showed that the spread of new strains of virus from country to country is a real fact and not just an old wives' tale.

But from the late spring of 1949 to a few months ago it would have been a matter of the greatest difficulty to find one single virus of influenza in this country, or indeed in western Europe, outside a laboratory. It is like the puzzle of where the flies go in the winter. We are pretty sure the virus lurks somewhere between epidemics but we just have not a clue as to where. We did have, it is true, a certain amount of influenza a year ago, but that was due to the other kind of influenza virus, virus B, which is never as troublesome as A. Virus A itself put in just a brief appearance last June in Sweden around Stockholm, causing quite limited, local outbreaks. All the same, this little flurry of influenza interested us quite a bit. On several previous occasions 'flu has caused a little local trouble in the early summer, and has then disappeared only to turn up in the same general area and start a widespread outbreak in the following autumn. So we kept a special eye on this small outbreak in Scandinavia. We even made a small batch of vaccine against the Swedish virus. Nothing happened till November. Then 'flu broke out in several districts in Denmark—the same strain of virus as in the summer—and soon after in northern Sweden and Norway. Since then it has appeared in other parts of Europe. The fact that its first appearance in England was around Newcastle suggests that it may well have reached us from Scandinavia. So far as studied, this season's viruses are not very different from the 1949 strains. During last December, 'flu broke out in two other countries—in Northern Ireland and in northern Spain; these may well have been separate points of origin, unconnected with the Scandinavian virus. One can visualise epidemic ripples spreading out over Europe from these three separate centres—Scandinavia, Ireland, Spain. We shall be able, we hope, to discover more about what has been happening when this epidemic is over and we have been able to compare all the various strains and perhaps plot their movements.

Long-term Programme

One object of all this is to find out how to forecast what strain is coming to a particular country and when, so that one can be ready with a vaccine. Many people, especially journalists, come out, when they meet us, with two stock questions: first, 'Have you isolated the virus?'; 'If so, have you prepared a vaccine?' A vaccine may be very useful, but it is not the only or necessarily the best answer to our problem. In a big epidemic, more than half the country may be exposed to 'flu: think of the expense and man-power involved in protecting everybody by making some millions of doses of vaccines out of eggs; and after all that an unexpected brand of 'flu may turn up, so that millions of doses of vaccines might be wasted. You may see now why our plan of attack on 'flu is not only to find better vaccines but is also a long-term programme designed to understand more about the behaviour of the virus itself—why and how it varies and changes, where and how it disappears from sight for months and months, and above all, how it

reappears and gets going again, I suspect that the conditions under which it becomes able to raise its head again may be rather special ones. If we knew what they were, we might be able to scotch a budding outbreak at the source much more cheaply and efficiently than by vaccinating every Tom, Dick and Harry in the country.

The particular influenza now afflicting us is more than a nuisance; it is killing some people and causing great loss to industry. But it is relatively mild. At the back of the minds of many of us is the memory of the great world-wide influenza epidemic of 1918 and 1919. In the excitement of finishing up the first world war that epidemic did not attract as much attention as it might have done; but it was in fact the greatest pestilence which has ever afflicted mankind. It killed in a few months more than were actually killed in all the fighting of that war. Is it possible that the rather mild 'flu of these times could turn into the fatal 1918-type of disease? We cannot deny the possibility; we can only say that we see no signs of it.

The feature of that epidemic was that the disease was fatal to young previously healthy adults, while old, infirm people got through pretty well. The reverse is the case at the present time. A week or two ago rather disturbingly large numbers of deaths were reported from Mersey-

side. But many deaths always occur during 'flu outbreaks and they are chiefly in people who already have chronic illness, and who are not likely to live very long in any case. That is the situation in the present epidemic, a very different picture from that of 1918. At that time the virus went, as it were, into partnership with a number of larger germs, with the streptococci of sore throats, the staphylococci of boils, the pneumococci of pneumonia and other bacteria. It was mainly these virus-bacterium partnerships which killed people in 1918. But that was before sulpha-drugs, before penicillin, streptomycin, and the other weapons of defence we now have in our medicine chests against the bacteria. So perhaps we shall never again have such a killing plague as in 1918. We prefer, however, to leave nothing to chance if we can help it. We shall go on studying the variations of the 'flu virus, the way it appears, the way it spreads and disappears; we shall try to find out where it is hiding when we have lost track of it; we shall go on trying to improve vaccines and we shall look for what we very badly need, a drug active against viruses. Penicillin and other new drugs are marvellous against most bacteria but not against viruses. If only we had a drug to scotch *them* we could feel that man was in sight of winning the last big battle in the war against the germs of disease.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Crisis in the Far East

Sir,—Sir John Pratt still says nothing about the most obvious fact of the Korean war—that the North Koreans had an army vastly superior to the South Koreans in equipment and preparation and used it in an attempt to conquer all Korea. In the ordinary use of words such an attempt at conquest is aggression. Even if he could substantiate his allegations that the South Koreans were crazy enough to attack a far better armed opponent and that the members of the U.N. Commission faked their evidence to cover up this attack, Sir John Pratt would still not have proved his case. He would only have shown that the North Koreans could plead provocation as an extenuation for their aggression. He would not have shown that the U.N. decision to support South Korea against aggression was wrong, but only that it was taken before the evidence had become conclusive. His arguments are irrelevant to the main contention of my previous letter: that, whatever actually happened on or before June 25, the involvement of U.N. forces in a Korean war and all that has followed from this could have been prevented by a North Korean decision to remain on the defensive along the 38th parallel.

The question of principle involved is whether there is such a thing as a right of self-defence against anticipated attack. When the government of country A is convinced that some other country has aggressive intentions and that military intervention in country B is essential for defence against this anticipated aggression, has country A the right to resort to such military intervention without being condemned as an aggressor? Sir John Pratt seems to consider that North Korea and China had such a right; the Americans invoked the principle to justify their intervention in Formosa. In all these cases the evidence of aggressive intentions was by no means conclusive, but, quite apart from this, the principle itself is indefensible. In the present state of mutual suspicion in the world the assertion of a right of anticipatory self-defence is almost certain to produce a chain reaction in which the extremists of both sides co-operate in extending the scale of any conflict. The original North Korean offensive, the American intervention in Formosa, and General MacArthur's advance to the Manchurian border, and the Chinese intervention in Korea are stages in such

a chain reaction. If the principle of anticipatory self-defence is rejected as incompatible with world peace, then all these stages should be condemned.

I would suggest that a good definition of a warmonger is a man who claims the right of anticipatory self-defence for his own side but rejects it for the other.—Yours, etc.,
Hull

MICHAEL LINDSAY

Racial Problems in the Commonwealth

Sir,—Mr. Hodson might have been talking to Sir Godfrey Huggins recently and been persuaded that the policy advocated for Southern Rhodesia by its Prime Minister was one generally commendable in multi-racial societies. His simple constitutional device of progressive devolution of government along racial lines suggests such conversations: what Mr. Hodson calls 'some more liberal form of apartheid' is to Sir Godfrey 'bi-pyramidism'.

There is in Southern Africa some foundation for bi-pyramidism because of the separate farming reserves for black and white and Mr. Hodson could have pointed to the fifty-five-year-old Transkeian *Bunga* as an example of communal self-government. However, economic segregation is not feasible in most parts of the Commonwealth, and self-government around local problems excites but little interest. Everywhere local government has met with indifference. National representation, the principles of taxation, the personnel which is appointed to the seats of power—these rather than detailed questions of administration of the social services interest the electorates. Far from being suitable for communalism—education, housing and welfare constitute some of the few remaining fields for inter-racial collaboration.

And yet Mr. Hodson does his subject a service. He invokes the mystique of the Commonwealth idea. The constitutional approach is one which Westminster and Whitehall can understand. His may not be a solution but it moves the racial perplexities into the foreground more surely than proposals for a systematic and step-by-step programme of racial co-operation, arrived at collectively and in each area, or the controlled experiments and research enquiries which would have been advanced by—Yours, etc.,
Oxford

LEO SILBERMAN

Sir,—A 'liberal form of apartheid' is suggested as a solution to the 'race' problem by your broadcaster Mr. H. V. Hodson (THE LISTENER, January 25). If the word 'apartheid' has any meaning it refers to the policy of Dr. Malan's party and government. I can think of nothing less likely to increase the sympathy of liberal and Christian people for this policy than a reading of the party's official pamphlet on *What Apartheid Means*. This is readily available and I would recommend it to Mr. Hobson and others who consider the policy a 'solution' to problems of ill-will. Dr. Malan, author of the term, and his colleagues justify their policy not on 'liberal' but on 'Christian' grounds. The pamphlet, like Mr. Hodson's talk, leaves me very surprised indeed at the facility with which words like 'Christian' and 'liberal' are misapplied. From the pamphlet we learn that 'the State will exercise complete control over the moulding of the youth' and that 'the Party' will not tolerate 'interference from without'. The liberalism of these indications of the meaning of the word 'apartheid' may be questioned; the ideals expressed are not liberal but totalitarian. Again, churches and societies which undermine the policy 'will be checked'.

The policy is not a Christian one. It enforces the kind of things under which those who have understood Christianity without self-deception, the Founder of Christianity Himself, and liberals have suffered much for their belief in their religion and in freedom. I have just read in the newspaper that Dr. Malan has said that he will 'shed no tears' should the United Nations 'come to ruination'. This is hardly surprising; there is a fundamental incompatibility between 'apartheid' and the four freedoms which form the basis of the constitution of the United Nations.

If Mr. Hodson means 'segregation', why not say so? The word 'apartheid' has another and definite meaning, neither liberal nor Christian. Recently all members of the leading American sociology, anthropology and psychology professional organisations were asked their opinions on the effects of segregation of 'races', both on those who enforced and those who endured segregation. An almost unanimous consensus of opinion was that segregation was detrimental to both. The opinion is one of experts qualified to hold an opinion in this matter. There is today no sharper discrepancy between the cautious

assertions of scientists and the uncautious statements of laymen and politicians about 'race'. I know of no evidence which will support 'apartheid' on either liberal, Christian or scientific grounds. The word has a different meaning; it relates to a policy which will not assist two groups of the organisms who constitute the human species, but differ in minor respects, to live together in peace and goodwill.—Yours, etc.,
St. Andrews PETER MCKELLAR

Mr. Aneurin Bevan's Broadcast

Sir,—Mr. Aneurin Bevan in his recent Party Political Broadcast claims the Medresco hearing aid as one of the benefits conferred by the Labour Government. The committee of the Medical Research Council which produced this boon for the hard of hearing assembled in February, 1944 (see Special Report No. 261, Stationery Office, 1947). In any case, the Government's hearing aid has proved a mixed blessing to the deaf. Presumably, if it had not been produced, deaf people under the National Health Scheme could have been fitted with one or other of the numerous commercial aids now on the market, in the same way as people have been given spectacles. As it is, the choice of the deaf is restricted to the Government aid, and thousands of heart-sick people, some of them very old, are still waiting for their 'issue'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

H. P. GARWOOD

L'Ecole de Paris, 1900-1950

Sir,—In an article on the latest exhibition at the Royal Academy, Mr. Robert Melville, whose familiarity with commercial jargon seems to defeat his attempts at genuine critical writing, has made a series of such fantastic statements that I feel it would be in the interests of your readers to have some of them explained. For example, Mr. Melville describes the superb painting by Henri Rousseau as 'old-fashioned' and says that it 'is not of our time'. Vivin, on the other hand, is called 'a thoroughly twentieth-century painter'. Now what does this mean? That a childish and inept painting (for these are the only adjectives applicable to the works of Vivin) of the Invalides is more *modern* than a richly poetical and very well painted scene of jungle life? Or that to paint badly is now considered a virtue? Or are Rousseau's own words being distorted? Rousseau, of course, has come to be esteemed by contemporary painters and reputable critics because he was first and foremost a serious and accomplished artist. The fact that he was also a naïve painter is of secondary importance. But those who are indifferent to technical accomplishment, and who cannot distinguish between a true and a false artistic vision, have failed to see that Rousseau was a phenomenon, an exception in the history of art. And so admiration for an unusual master has been subsequently used to justify an unquestioning cult of naïve or 'popular' art in any form. Nowadays no distinction is made between quaintness or conscious infantilism and the products of true ingenuousness. So we are told to admire in all seriousness, and as works of art, the *faux-naïf*, the doodlings of half-educated natives or of madmen, the scrawls of babies or the self-conscious and eye-catching colour patterns of sophisticated children or arty bus-drivers (many of whom constantly study colour reproductions of works by the leading French painters of today), as well as the disingenuous confections of Vivin, Séraphine, Vivancos and a host of other nonentities such as Alfred Wallis or Grandma Moses. In saying that Rousseau's picture is 'an unconscious burlesque of academic wild animal paintings' Mr. Melville echoes this misguided point of view.

No statement could be more silly, since Rousseau's vision was entirely free of an element of 'burlesque' and the picture in question descends naturally from Delacroix.

Again what does Mr. Melville mean by saying that Kandinsky 'is essentially a Bauhaus figure'? Kandinsky's best and most important work was done years before the Bauhaus was even founded. And just what is the implication behind his statement that Matisse and Wladimir de Lanoy 'are better painters than Kandinsky'? In what sense 'better'? Certainly neither is so truly a painter as Kandinsky, for both are basically illustrative and literary artists; neither has anything like an equal technical mastery; neither is endowed with such an inventive or individual vision; neither has, nor probably ever will have, such a far-reaching influence as Kandinsky who is undoubtedly one of the few major artists produced by this century.

Lastly I would ask Mr. Melville what he means in saying that 'because dadaism was not treasonable to its own time it is wearing better than surrealism'? How, when and where was surrealism 'treasonable'? Because it reacted against a state of unbridled aesthetic anarchy? And what is the sense of the word 'treasonable'? How many other schools have been similarly 'treasonable' or 'not treasonable'? Admittedly the surrealist movement provided a cloak for much nonsense and charlatanism. But Dada was a purely silly and destructive manifestation, a deliberate burlesque which had very little to do with painting. Is it then Mr. Melville's contention that as nonsense it is 'wearing better than surrealism'? Or does he seriously maintain that the artifacts of Duchamp, Picabia, Arp and Schwitters are 'wearing better' as significant works of art than the best works produced by Dali, Ernst, Masson and Miró during the decade 1922-32?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

DOUGLAS COOPER

What is Academic Art?

Sir,—In his article on Academic Art (February 1) Mr. Lawrence insists that the Renaissance bottega taught his conception of the 'academic principle', namely that painting is a representational visual art, rooted in the conviction that the genuine artistic impulse is to create the illusion of reality, that is, visual reality, in a naturalistic style to the limits of the painter's skill and the possibilities of the medium.

I prefer to see the spirit of the bottega teaching in this sentence, which says of the activities of man:

Now the most worthy is science; after which comes an art derived from science and dependent on the operations of the hand, and this is called painting, for which we must be endowed with both imagination (fantasia) and skill in the hand, to discover unseen things concealed beneath the obscurity of natural objects, and to arrest them with the hand, presenting to the sight that which did not before appear to exist.

These words which predict so well the endeavours of Leonardo and his contemporaries, whilst no doubt expressing the feelings of many an artist of our day, were in fact part of the first chapter of a bottega textbook written in the early fifteenth century by 'a humble working member then of the art of painting', Connino Cennini, who 'was instructed in these arts for twelve years by Agnolo, son of Taddeo of Florence, who learned the art from Taddeo his father, who was the godson of Giotto and was his disciple for twenty-four years'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

N. R. EGON

Sir,—Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A., in his article 'What is Academic Art?' also seems to need an

interpreter. He states that academic art as he understands it is a representational visual art, rooted in the conviction that the genuine artistic impulse is to create the illusion of reality, in a naturalistic style to the limits of the painter's skill and the possibilities of the medium. Surely it is photography Mr. Lawrence is describing, not painting.

He then tells us the essential subject in 'Leda' is form, movement, line, pattern and colour. This is a contradiction of his earlier statement and is in fact the essential subject of an 'abstract' painting.

The 'revolutionaries' as Mr. Lawrence calls them did not invent a new pictorial language merely for its own sake but as an essential step forward in the art of painting to express new ideas, the camera having done away with ninety per cent. of what painters were originally required to do.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

KENNETH MAHOOD

'The Mark of Greatness'

Sir,—I wish to apologise to the great and gracious shade of Baron von Hügel for what I said about him in a previous letter. I only knew him through his writings, which in spite of their heavily plantigrade Teutonic style I found strangely fascinating. From the obituary notices and other sources I always imagined that, when the Vatican fulminations (*Lamentabili* and *Pascendi*, 1907) were crashing around, the Baron renounced his modernist 'errors' and that, to employ the phrase so comforting to authoritarians, *laudabiliter se subiecit*, or, in recent political slang, he did a 'double-think' and toed the party line. I find that I was mistaken. The Baron stuck gallantly to his heretical guns to the very end.

Professor Clement C. J. Webb, an intimate friend of the Baron's, has very kindly sent me a pamphlet, written by himself, *Baron Friedrich von Hügel and his contribution to religious philosophy*, a subtle and most interesting study of what the Baron would probably have called his *Gedankengang*. Not to take up too much of your space, here is a passage (an eye-opener to me, I confess, and also perhaps to some of your readers):

Von Hügel was and always continued to be a 'modernist'. . . . In the department of biblical criticism, he never failed loyally to follow whithersoever the argument seemed to him to lead, and was to the end wholly 'impenitent' (as he once said to me) in his adherence to modern critical views of the sacred books. . . . He published in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1910) an article on the Fourth Gospel in which he followed his friend Loisy to the extent of denying to it any independent historical value as a record of the life of Jesus.

Whether, in the light of this defiance of the decree *Lamentabili* and the encyclical *Pascendi*, von Hügel can be claimed as a Roman Catholic is a knotty point which I leave Father D'Arcy to unravel.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Sir,—A full reply to Mr. Harold Binns' letter about the 'greatness' which Father D'Arcy is not alone in recognising in the late Baron Friedrich von Hügel would exceed the limits of your correspondence columns.

I would only say two things: (1) that, whatever may have been the reasons and motives which led ecclesiastical authority to leave the Baron undisturbed when it repelled from the Sacraments others, who had been associated with him in the 'Modernist' movement, they were not due to any withdrawal on his part of the opinions with respect to biblical criticism which he had previously asserted. His article on the Fourth Gospel in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

was published three years after the papal condemnation of Modernism; and (2) that, quite independent of what I may call the ecclesiastical politics connected with that condemnation, his philosophical views underwent a development away from the subjectivism characteristic of much Modernist theology, which no doubt eventually impaired his sympathy with that theology, though not his loyalty to the friends with whom he had formerly been in closer intellectual agreement.—Yours, etc.,

Aylesbury

CLEMENT C. J. WEBB

Sir,—As Father D'Arcy is at present in America, he may not see Mr. Binns' criticism of his talk on von Hügel in 'The Mark of Greatness'. May I therefore be allowed to step in to the extent of noting that the whole question of von Hügel's position within the Church of which he protested himself to the end of his life to be a loyal and devoted son is an exceedingly complex one, as was also the part he played before, during and after the Modernist storm. It would be quite impossible to deal with these matters in a short talk or a short letter. But I hope that the full life of the Baron (to which Father D'Arcy referred in his talk) will be published in the present year. Working on the basis of a great deal of unpublished material, I have tried in this book to give a faithful historical account of these matters, and I therefore feel that Mr. Binns' difficulties can be more usefully discussed after the publication of this book.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4. MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Man without God?

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of January 4, Miss Margaret Knight, speaking of my broadcast in the 'Man without God?' series, said roundly: 'His argument involves an enormous unproved assumption'. In your issue of February 1, she expresses herself more moderately, and it now appears that the worst with which I can be charged is that my broadcast gave 'the impression that this view was being implied'. With this softer impeachment I am well content.

Lest I should encroach too much on your space, may I sum up very briefly: (i) I am sure that religious belief has declined. (ii) I am strongly of the opinion that the incidence of neurosis, particularly of certain types, has increased. (iii) I contend that (i) is a principal cause of (ii), and this is the impression I designed to convey in my broadcast. (iv) I did not think it well, in a fifteen-minute talk, to attempt a reasoned argument in support of (ii), though I indicated some materials for such an argument in my letter of January 11, and am quite ready to develop the argument more fully on a suitable occasion. (v) Many propositions, and among them not the least important, are rightly assented to and acted upon, in support of which no statistical evidence is available. Miss Knight's suggestion that 'in the absence of statistical evidence, opinions they must all remain' is thus wholly unacceptable. Statistics prove nothing: they are records of carefully isolated aspects of facts, which may however be of use to the reasoning mind which is careful not to go beyond their warrant. Does Miss Knight really think that my contention would be upset if statistics showed that the proportion of theists among psychiatric patients was greater than that among the population as a whole? I can think of at least half-a-dozen independent factors which might bring about such a state of affairs, and yet leave my contention intact. The human scene is so complex, that any attempt at a complete statistical enumeration of all the factors shaping it is foredoomed to failure. Must we then suspend all

decision until disaster overtakes us and decides for us?—Yours, etc.,

Rochampton J. LEYCESTER KING, S.J.
[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

Verdi after Fifty Years

Sir,—May I assure Dr. Carner that I fully share his admiration for Mr. Dyneley Hussey's *Verdi*, of 1940? If I did not mention it in my article that was because I was writing about those works which, in 1930-31, first really put Verdi on the critical map in this country. In any wider survey Mr. Hussey certainly holds an honoured place.—Yours, etc.,

Orpington

FRANK WALKER

The Henry Wood Promenade Concerts

Sir,—I see nothing in the letter which you published last week to invalidate my description of Dr. Cathcart as the man to whom 'in a sense' we owe the establishment of the Promenade Concerts. As, however, the suggestion that his name should be associated with that of the great musician who realised the idea, appears to have given offence, I am sure that it would be his wish that the matter should be dropped. I cannot help feeling that Sir Henry Wood, whose contribution I would never seek to depreciate, might himself have received the proposition more generously.—Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Don Carlos'

Sir,—The welcome revival at Sadler's Wells of Verdi's 'Don Carlos' has led me to re-read, for the first time since my student's days, Schiller's tragedy of the same name on which the libretto is founded. I feel sure that all those who could have the same experience would be, as I was myself, struck all of a heap by this blazing masterpiece, with its verse coined like medals and its deep psychological insight into the characters. Could not the B.B.C. or an enterprising impresario commission one of our poets to write an adaptation of this grandiose work and produce it here?—Yours, etc.,

Hatch End

RENÉ ELVIN

'Report to the People'

Sir,—In 'Report to the People' broadcast on Tuesday, January 23, an interview took place with the wife of a bank employee. The lady was stated to be about thirty years of age, and her husband's salary £700 per annum. Even on that salary the family were finding difficulty in making ends meet—there are two children.

The impression was gained that the husband was about the same age as the wife. From our knowledge of bank salaries we should say that he was considerably older and probably an appointed officer, because at the age of thirty the average salary, including cost of living addition, would be about £530 per annum, 20 per cent. of which is not pensionable; and on that figure, of course, the hardship would be considerably greater. Unfortunately, the age of the husband was not stated, nor his position in his bank.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1.

T. G. EDWARDS

General Secretary,
National Union of Bank Employees

Going to the Pantomime

Sir,—Your correspondent (January 18) who puts Mr. Compton Mackenzie right as to the site of the late Surrey Theatre, is himself in error when he speaks of the Canterbury Music Hall and Gatti's Music Hall in Westminster Bridge Road being now cinemas. The Canterbury Music Hall has been a deserted bombed-out waste for years and Gatti's Music Hall dis-

appeared completely when the new detour road was made via York Road with Westminster Bridge Road.—Yours etc.,
London, S.E.5.

GERALD BLAKE

The Spread of Rumour

Sir,—I cannot understand the mystery allowed to surround the arrival of White Russians in England in the winter of 1916. They were quartered at Larkhill S. Plain R.A. practice camp. I believe the commandant at that time was Brigadier-General Sidney Metcalfe, R.A. The officer directly responsible for their firing practice with 4.5 inch Hows. was Captain P. Shier, M.C. They fired at old 9-pounder guns which I set up, in about three feet of snow. They were dressed in tall astrakhan hats and overcoats which nearly reached the ground. They usually came on parade singing a hymnal chant, with a slow march (sort of 'Volga Boatman'). When taking post for action there was a word of command which sounded like 'Battery She oh' (or Shevoh), in a guttural tone. It was all very amusing to us, who were spectators.—Yours, etc.,

Seaford

V. GILLAM

The Discovery of America

Sir,—In his talk on the discovery of America (Third Programme, January 24), Mr. T. C. Lethbridge spoke of the pre-Columbian voyages of Norsemen to North America. If, however, for the present purpose we disregard these early Scandinavian voyages, was Columbus really the first white man to discover America, as is popularly supposed?

The success of the Kon-Tiki expedition from Peru to Polynesia again raises the question of the origin of the pre-Inca civilisation of South America. A 'white' element has long been recognised there and in Polynesia and also in connection with the Maoris.

If it was possible to drift on rafts 4,000 miles across the Pacific aided by the south equatorial current and the south-east trade winds, there is nothing inherently impossible in the idea of there having been an earlier excursion, in sea-going keeled ships, from the Mediterranean across the Atlantic to the northern coast of South America, aided by the north equatorial current and the north-east trade winds.

Several things suggest that between 1500 and 1000 B.C. one of the many expeditions of prospectors for gold and other metals then leaving the Eastern Mediterranean region crossed the Atlantic, continued up the Amazon and finally reached the Andean highlands. The pre-Inca civilisation then resulted from the impact of a vigorous dose of Mediterranean culture on the lower native culture which had originated in the spread of Asiatic types through North America.

Many similarities between the Inca and pre-Inca civilisation of Peru and that of Egypt have long been noted, but they have been explained in two other ways. Diffusionists have said that all South American culture came from Asia both across the Bering Strait and via Polynesia; evolutionists maintained that the complete culture arose where it was found.—Yours, etc.,

Dereham

HARRY APLING

Cleaning Silver

Sir,—Under your column 'Advice for the Housewife' the 'short cut to cleaning silver' interests me much. It is a practice members of my family and I have carried out with great success for several years. But I think you should add that it is advisable to rub all articles with a dry clean cloth or leather after drying with the impregnated cloth. This eliminates all possible trace of powder and is little extra trouble.

Yours, etc.,

Northwood

E. PENTON

Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland

By FRANCIS WATSON

NOT the least interesting circumstances attending the reproduction in book-form of Graham Sutherland's recent works* are that Robert Melville's accompanying monograph is printed in English, French, Spanish and Portuguese and that the production comes from a publishing house associated with the promotion of British exports. Like Henry Moore, Benjamin Britten, Margot Fonteyn and one or two others, Graham Sutherland provides today prestige exports of no small value in markets where aesthetic standards are to be ignored at our peril, markets in which the much-abused British Council has moved in mysterious ways to remove the stigma of Brummagem from a trading nation. The largest, and in some ways the most satisfying, of his thorn-tree compositions belongs to the British Council (another is in the Allbright Gallery in Buffalo and a third in the collection of Sir Kenneth Clark); and the younger artist who complains (if he does) that the Council fills its foreign exhibitions with established names instead of encouraging the unknown will be told that it sends out what the Gentiles ask for; and what the Gentiles clamour to see is Moore and Sutherland.

The association of these two names is worth a moment's reflection. It has been expressed in a quotable, but possibly dangerous, suggestion (by Mr. Sackville-West in the 'Penguin Modern Painters') that Moore's figures might fitly inhabit Sutherland's landscapes. A significant fact, surely, is that the reputation of each, both at home and abroad, has owed a great deal to the nationally commissioned work carried out during the war—work of a kind which neither would have been likely to choose without the push of a crisis and a commission. It was towards the end of the war that interested foreigners began to hear about a new Romantic movement among the artists of the straitened and embattled island. Something specifically and recognisably English was said to be happening in the stress of the struggle. Graham Sutherland, carrying his powerful art of metamorphosis from the countryside to the bomb-sites and the tin-mines, was the captain of these commandos. Henry Moore, seen previously in remarkably varied company, was accepted under the same flag, his lineage traced no longer to the Aztecs but to the Druids.

The Sutherland paintings now reproduced (all of them dating since 1944, though the text carries some earlier illustrations) are those of a man who has from the beginning seemed to have an impressive certainty (wherein he does resemble Moore) about what he was doing. It is a quality which is unlikely to be affected by the responsibility of being acclaimed (not only by his publisher) as 'our most inspired landscape painter since Turner and Constable', for it showed itself strikingly in that first exhibition (I forget the date) in an upper room

in Bond Street, from which the *cognoscenti* emerged talking of *mystique* and Samuel Palmer, and others with simply a new notion of what watercolour could do and what natural forms could suggest to an awakened imagination. Mr. Melville is at pains to connect the new pictures with the earlier Welsh landscapes and with the war-time

paintings. This is a proper task, and yet they could stand by their unexpected selves. The 'Cigale' never came from Wales or from war, the already astonishing palette has newly fructified under a southern sun, the disturbing shapes and chimeras, beautifully drawn, come from a maturer contemplation of the human agony. Moreover, a large proportion of these works are the products, more or less direct, of another commission which deserves to be celebrated for its rarity.

In a naughty world from which active ecclesiastical art has almost perished, St. Matthew's Church in Northampton shines like a good deed and awaits its meed of stars from a future edition of Baedeker. Canon Hussey, having already in his church a carved group by Henry Moore, approached our most inspired landscape-painter for a crucifixion, a landscape of pain. Despite the figures introduced into some of the war-pictures this was something utterly new to Sutherland, whose nearest and indeed characteristic connection with the theme seems to have been the skeleton of a Spanish crucifix-fish which he kept in his studio. Grünewald, says Mr. Melville, happened already to be one of his favourites among the old masters (both Picasso and Francis Bacon, he further notes, have taken Grünewald Crucifixions 'as starting points'). Sutherland's personal paraphrase of the Isenheim-Colmar figure is almost lost in this collection of his works among



Cigale I (1948), by Graham Sutherland
From 'Graham Sutherland'

the thorn-pictures, the thorn-heads, the vine-pergolas, the compositions of palm and banana-leaf, the intricate writhings of nature in its objects and their shadows, of which the artist has written that 'the eye becomes a shuttle and drives the woof of the one between the weft of the other so that they become inextricable; and yet again they move and become one and the other'.

Thus the need of a church, turning this patient and passionate searcher of nature to the mystery of the crown of thorns, has played its part in what is certainly one of Graham Sutherland's achievements as an artist: his splendid enlargement of the significant iconography of contemporary painting, wherein Braque's guitars and Chirico's biscuits and porticos, the fish and the jug and the French newspaper and even the minotaur, were fast becoming clichés. Another of his reputations may be stated, if only as a challenge to correspondents, in the forthright words of Mr. Melville, whose introductory essay, though sometimes turgid, contains much that is both stimulating and enlightening: 'Sutherland is, I think, the greatest colourist this country has ever had'.

* Graham Sutherland. With an Introduction by Robert Melville. Ambassador Editions. £2 12s. 6d.

The Importance of Being Greedy

HAROLD NICOLSON gives the last of three talks about food

I HAVE chosen as the title of this talk the words 'The Importance of Being Greedy', although well aware that this word 'greedy' will place me in a false position from the start. It is a most significant fact that in our language we possess no word other than 'greediness' to express the pleasure that an adult person ought to take in what he or she eats and drinks. In old English the word 'greedy' implied little more than 'hungry': gradually it came to be associated with such expressions as 'a voracious appetite'; and today it conveys the impression that you are talking about men, women or children who eat or drink too much. That in all certainty is not what I intend to talk about.

How Dr. Johnson Ate

Take, for instance, a phrase used by Macaulay about Dr. Johnson. 'He contracted the habit', writes Macaulay, 'of eating with ravenous greediness'. We all know that Macaulay did not intend by this phrase to convey to his reader that Dr. Johnson displayed any refinement or discrimination in the dishes he chose or in his manner of eating them. What he meant was that the Doctor ate much and clumsily; that he shovelled his food into his mouth with untidy speed; and that he accompanied the gesture with many grunts and spasms, with splashes of gravy upon cloth and waistcoat, beginning his meal with a 'Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!' gusto and ending it with profound pectoral regurgitations. In fact, what Macaulay really meant was gluttony and gross feeding. Now I am not intending in this talk to employ the word 'greediness' as a synonym or euphemism for gluttony. I shall be using it as the very opposite of that coarse form of indulgence. I shall be using it in the sense of care, forethought, selection, scholarship, fastidiousness, delicacy, discrimination and refinement.

I could, if I so desired, evade the misleading associations of the word 'greediness' by employing foreign words to define what I mean. I have no such desire. One of the most boring of all bromides is that which induces people to harp upon the distinction between 'gourmet' and 'gourmand'—a conversational gambit that invariably weights my soul with lead. I could, I suppose, talk about 'epicureanism', but am precluded from the use of that word, partly because it is ill-used, and partly because it is most unfair to Epicurus, whose sole diet, so we are assured, was biscuits and water. No! I shall stick to my word 'greediness' and by the end of this talk it will, I trust, have been stripped of its gluttonous associations, and appear to you as something thin, fragile and austere.

But before I define greediness, before I trace its development in the course of civilisation and its application to the Welfare State, I must provide you with a picture of gluttony, which, in its many manifestations, is the very opposite of the taste or talent that I am about to defend. In its origins gluttony was the effect of extreme and prolonged hunger, or in other words of the shortage of food. The savage would with his stone dagger cut a slice of a stricken deer and eat it raw; at a later stage he would pour water into the hide of the deer and heat the water by dropping red hot stones into it; in the end he discovered pots and pans and the art of cooking began. We know from examining the middens of primitive man that their diet was of considerable variety; oysters they had, and mussels, and periwinkles galore, and reindeer and even birds. In the Homeric poems we have many detailed accounts of the preparation and consumption of food, and it is evident from the zest with which Homer describes these operations, and from the frequency with which he will repeat his stock passages on the subject, that quantity rather than quality was the ideal at which his heroes aimed. Yet, if I may quote one of these stock passages, you will observe that already a certain neatness of preparation was expected from those who prepared the feast:

Then when they had prayed and had sprinkled the barley grains, they drew back the heads of the animals and cut their throats and then they flayed them. They then cut out the joints and covered them with two layers of fat and laid the raw flesh on the fat. These they burned on little pieces of wood, stripped of the leaves, and the inner parts

they threaded on spits and held them over the flame of Haephaistos. But when the joints were fully cooked and they had tasted of the inner parts, then they cut up the rest and spitted it, and roasted it carefully [*periphradeós* is the word that Homer used for 'carefully'—and it literally means 'very thoughtfully'] and drew it off the spits. Then, when they had ceased from their labours and got their meal ready, they feasted. Their hearts lacked nothing of the well distributed viands. And when they had put from them the desire for food and drink. . . .

And they then pass to other business.

You will observe from this familiar passage—familiar since it occurs identically again and again—that although the major purpose of the Homeric feast was to assuage the appetite of young, vigorous and very hungry men, they did even then draw a distinction between cooking their food neatly and doing it in a slapdash way. Unlike the Tartars and the Scythians, they did not prepare their steaks by putting them under their saddles; they did not, like the Laplanders, just carve chunks of blubber from a stranded whale. They took care to cook their joints and giblets properly and to roast the more delicate portions upon spits. Even to this day, in Greece and Turkey, one of the most reliable of their dishes are these little bits of meat grilled on spits, which they call *kébabs*. At a date only a little later than Homeric times they used vine leaves for their cooking and sometimes pumpkins, corresponding to the *dolmas* and the *moussakas* of today. Nor should we forget that these terrific kings and warriors did not regard it as effeminate to do a little cooking for themselves. Ulysses, being an intellectual, was an excellent cook, noted among his fellow heroes for his skill. But even the great Agamemnon was prepared to take a hand sometimes, and Achilles the passionate would be quite happy, so long as Patroclus lived, to turn the spit in the small hut they shared.

It must be admitted, none the less, that gluttony in Homeric times and until the fifth century was associated with virile prowess. Milo of Croton, who was twelve times the victor in the wrestling matches at the Olympian and the Pythian games, delighted the spectators by carrying a four-year-old heifer round the stadium and thereafter eating the whole animal in a single day. They thought that fine. But Milo came to a bad end; he was caught in a tree and eaten alive by wolves.

A Greek on 'Pleasant Eating'

We always assume that the Greeks of the classical period were frugal eaters. Much has been made of the black broth of Lycurgus, of the meagre fare provided at the Spartan communal meals and of the vegetarianism of the followers of Pythagoras. It is true that on ordinary occasions the Athenian citizens had little more than some dried fish and a wheaten pancake or biscuit seasoned with garlic and olive oil. In fact, they would carry their oil about with them in a small flask, much as we carry our tobacco today. But from time to time they would indulge in enormous feasts, with turbot and cuttle-fish and red mullet, followed by kid, and hare, and partridges, and ending with cakes of sesame and honey or biscuits flavoured with saffron. Nor should we forget that Menander was famous among his contemporaries, not only because he was the founder of the new comedy, but also because he invented a fish sauce; or that Archestratus of Gela, who was the friend and guide of Epicurus himself, wrote a cookery book, entitled *Heduphagetica* or 'pleasant eating', in which he included many barbarian recipes; or that Phyloxenus wrote a long poem called 'The Banquet' in which greediness, in its very worst sense, is celebrated in really passionate verse. Some of Phyloxenus' book has survived. Here is one of the most gluttonous extracts:

For the first course came a huge dish on which reposed the most wonderful, irresistible, shining eel, a conger, with sorb-apples in its mouth. Then came a turbot, large as a cart-wheel. And little side-dishes there were also, one of shark cutlets, and the other of ray, and another teeming with squid and cuttle fish.

After that, in Phyloxenus' poem come mullet, prawns, tunny, pork, kid, lamb cutlets, sausage, chicken, jugged hare, pigeon, partridge, all ending with clotted cream, honey, cheese and biscuits. After which the guests washed their hands in soap scented with orris root and arrayed

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themselves in garlands of violets before they settled down to pour the libation and to drink their wine.

Although Phyloxenus must be drawing on poetic licence, there is no doubt that even the Athenians of the fifth century took an interest in the art of cooking and had the curiosity and intelligence to experiment in forms of cooking other than their own, bringing recipes from Ecbatana and Sardis, from Bubastis and Thebes. They were already passing from the glutton stage of the Homeric heroes, and founding, among so many arts, the art of greediness.

The ancient Romans were quick to imitate Greek habits, but in their coarser hands the art of cooking became ostentatious and revolting. There is no need to mention Lucullus or Trimalchio, to allude in just repugnance to the *vomitorium*, or to indicate how the sumptuary laws proved unavailing to check the oily flood of over-eating that thereafter overwhelmed a once virile race. Some of the stories we are told about the Roman Emperors seem hardly credible. Vitellius is credited with having eaten a thousand oysters at a single sitting; Nero, we are told, lay at the dinner table for twelve hours on end; Heliogabalus devoured the brains of six hundred ostriches and much enjoyed munching the grilled feet of camels; Tiberius rewarded a man who wrote a dialogue between mushrooms and thrushes with the sum of three thousand pounds; Geta gave dinner parties at which the courses were served in alphabetical order from A to Z. I have often wondered what he chose for the letter Z, which is not a Latin consonant. It may have been the rare root which the Latins called *zingiberi* and which we call 'ginger'. Yet you will agree that all this had nothing to do with greediness; it was mere ostentatious gluttony of the most repulsive kind.

From the Fantastic to the Subtle

Greediness, in the modern sense of the term—or I suppose I should say in my sense of the term—was born in France, which has been the nurse of so many of our more delicate and exquisite enjoyments. There is a passage in Montaigne in which he remarks that it was Catherine de Medici who first brought to Paris the art of cookery, being accompanied by several Italian cooks. These cooks had, we may suppose, been trained in the tradition that was born in Athens, carried to ridiculous dimensions in Imperial Rome, and had in some form survived the invasions of the barbarians. The pressure of French taste immediately refined this extravagance. Gradually the vast triumphal cars of food such as the Italians have to this day—the elaborate filigree devices in sugar and marzipan, the blocks of ice carved as dragons or porcupines—which were the descendants of the stuffed swans and peacocks that the Romans loved—gave place to delicate sauces served in exquisite silver or gold. People became less interested in the fantastic and more interested in the subtle. Even what in our own Tudor times were called 'subtleties' were not really subtle, being merely mixtures of edible objects arranged in intricate patterns. The French discovered that cooking should appeal to the palate rather than to the eye and that hares bursting with pomegranates were in fact less succulent than thin slices of *rable de lièvre* served upon Sèvres china and accompanied by *purée de marrons*. It was from this discovery that French cooking developed. There came M. Béchamel, the chef of Louis XIV, who invented Béchamel sauce; there came Vatel, Robert, Rechaud and Mérillon. There came Carême, who was chef to the Tsar Alexander I, to Talleyrand, to George IV and to Baron Rothschild. And, above all, there came Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, whose classic work on the art of cooking is entitled, I ask you to observe, *The Physiology of Taste*.

Ought I to have entitled this talk 'The Physiology of Taste'? I prefer the title that I have chosen, since it is more apposite to what I want to say. The defence of English cooking is sometimes based on the argument that, since we possess the best meat and butter and vegetables in the world, we have no need to imitate foreigners in their attempts to disguise the poverty of their food. I deny both the premise and the conclusion of this argument. There may have been a time in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries when our beef and mutton were in fact superior to that obtainable abroad; but in any case that is not true today. I deny that our vegetables are better, even in their natural state, than French vegetables; and we all admit, sometimes defiantly, sometimes in passive regret, that few English cooks know how to treat vegetables. And in any case, now that austerity has come to us, now that our resources have become more limited, it is important that we should learn how to render those resources more edible. Why do we not do this? The answer generally given is that we are congenitally lazy and cannot take the time or trouble to cook properly. I do not accept this answer for a moment. We are careless

about food because we do not care about it; and we do not care about it because we have lost the habit of greediness. Why should we have lost that habit?

In Tudor times the art of cooking was still considered an important element in civilised life. I do not suggest that we today would care for Tudor cooking, since the difficulty of preserving meat and fish in those days induced our cooks to add too many spices, too much nutmeg, cinnamon and saffron, to the dishes they prepared. The Elizabethans had dulled palates, since they were accustomed to tastes that were sharp and scented. But the idea was there all right. Why did it die out? I suggest it was all due to the Puritans. For them the pleasures of the table were pleasures of the flesh; all pleasures of the flesh were to be condemned; therefore it was regarded as gluttonous to be greedy. Mr. Robert May, whose father had been cook to Lady Dormer and had travelled abroad, published a cookery book in 1665 in which he regrets the days before the Commonwealth 'wherein were produced triumphs and trophies of cookery'. It is evident that with the advent of Puritanism the tradition of English cooking was interrupted; it has never been recovered.

I am always somewhat irritated when my French friends (who as a nation know so very little about our habits of thought) ascribe to puritanism the discretion, the reserve and the charming under-statement which are among the adornments of our race. Yet in this respect at least I agree that puritanism, rather than a sense of humour, as Mr. Pryce-Jones suggested last week, has dealt us a blow from which we have, in all our centuries of wealth and indulgence, been unable to recover. When we were children, all of us, we were frequently exhorted 'not to be greedy'. That idiotic and soul-destroying injunction has left a tender scar in our minds. If our parents and governesses had said to us, 'Unless, darling, you try hard to be a little more greedy you may end by becoming a glutton', a seed might have been sown which in our later age would have grown into a great tree, under which we could bask at our ease; contented, eupeptic and refined. What is so strange also is that, whereas as boys and youths, we were encouraged to be greedy, or discriminating, about wines, we were never encouraged to, and were in fact sharply discouraged from, any greediness or discrimination in the matter of what we ate. The parents of many of us would have been shocked and embarrassed if at the age of twenty-two we had been unable to tell the difference between port and burgundy; but the same parents would have regarded us as lax, affected or effeminate if we had remarked that such or such an omelette was unfit for human consumption. Why should food be regarded as more earthly, more fleshly, than drink? Why should we not be allowed to treat a pleasure that, almost alone among pleasures, recurs three times a day, as something to be handled delicately, as something to be enhanced and refined, as something worthy of a certain amount of study, application and taste?

I do not, I repeat, regard the standard of English cooking, which we are all agreed to regard as deplorable, as due to congenital indolence. After all, our craftsmen even today are not lazy people; they take what is called a pride in their work. Nor do I think that ignorance is the sole cause of our misery; ignorance on the part of a cook is a reparable misfortune; it is ignorance on the part of the consumer that is the disaster, an ignorance deriving from the fact that he and she have been taught throughout life that there is something shameful in being greedy. The result is that the craftsmen lose all interest in their art; any worker, in any field of human endeavour, would become discouraged and indifferent if nobody ever noticed whether what he or she did was good or bad. Only by becoming greedy can we, as a nation, take an interest in what we eat. Until we take that interest, until we praise or complain, we shall continue to be accorded food which is unworthy of our present civilisation and a disgrace to our tremendous past.—*Third Programme*

The pictures which appear on our cover this week are all taken from the *Illustrated London News* of 1920. They show: the Nurse Cavell Memorial designed by Sir George Frampton, R.A., and unveiled by Queen Alexandra on March 17; H.M. King George V inspecting, on February 14, a bus which had been on war service in France and Belgium with the British Army; the lunch-hour parade at the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's on July 9; an illustration of the early use of loudspeakers at a meeting in April; Bernard Shaw rehearsing his 'Pygmalion' at the Academy of Dramatic Art in July; a Snipe aeroplane about to set fire to a kite balloon at the Hendon air pageant on July 3; David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, addressing a meeting in Caernarvon on October 9; Anna Pavlova as 'The Swan' at Drury Lane in April; the first session of the Assembly of the League of Nations in the Salle de la Réformation at Geneva on November 15; and the procession leaving the Cenotaph for the Abbey after the first two minutes silence on November 11.

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NELSON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Crime and the Police

By Anthony Martienssen.

Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

The British Police. By J. M. Hart.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THE FIRST OF THESE TITLES would be apter upside down. The main concern of *Crime and the Police* is with the police set-up as it is today; with the changes that, since the war, have been and are still being made; and with what policemen have to do, how they do it, and how far they can go. The dangers of and safeguards against too much police power are examined. The chapters range over control and organisation, the C.I.D., science and crime, murder, policing London, policewomen, and training.

Mr. Martienssen's account of these and other matters is clear and readable. He illustrates his array of information with true stories of crime and punishment. The fact that one arrives at these with noticeable pleasure—as at an oasis—is because most of us would rather be told a story than be instructed. The book is never boring. Readers of detective stories will find much here to confirm their ideas of policemen and their ways. They will also find correction for some misconceptions. For instance, the question of motive in murder. Most detective story writers harp heavily on motive: find out who would *want* to kill Sir Archibald in the conservatory, and you are getting near to discovering who did.

But Mr. Martienssen says that no detective worth his salt would ever base a case against a murderer on motive alone. The usual order of work is: how, when, where and by whom; the 'why' (if any) comes last. 'At best an overwhelming motive . . . is but one pointer among many to the identity of the murderer; at worst, the motive can be so trivial or improbable as to make the rest of the evidence . . . appear doubtful. There are . . . as many different motives for murder as there are murderers. . . . There is the notorious but genuine case in America where a woman shot her husband because he misplayed a hand at bridge'.

It has often been said that the 'perfect' murder would be one in which the murderer and his victim were quite unknown to each other, and the killing was casual and unpremeditated. This notion is also demolished or much weakened by Mr. Martienssen, who says that there are in fact a lot of murders in this category, and gives a fascinating account of one case, set in a mining town in the north. He also tells the pitiful story of two little girls who were driven off in an army lorry one November afternoon—to their deaths. Their going was watched, a bit enviously, by a group of their school-fellows who were later questioned by the police. 'It is an interesting fact', says the author, 'that the girls remembered and described accurately the driver's face and appearance, but could not recollect what the lorry had been like'. The boys, on the other hand, hardly saw the driver—'just an ordinary soldier'—but described the lorry down to the regimental markings on the mudguard and the poppy stuck in the radiator.

The whole field of police history, organisation and procedure is surveyed more academically, more exhaustively, in *The British Police*. This is one of a series of books on aspects of local government, and its object is to instruct. It is aimed at students, and those who by their work or interest are moved to examine more search-

ingly the machinery of law and order in this country. These will find in it plenty of nourishment and reward.

The Medical Works of Hippocrates

By John Chadwick and W. N. Mann.

Blackwell. 20s.

Hippocrates freed the art of medical diagnosis from philosophical entanglements and taught that it must be based on careful clinical observation. His accounts of the symptoms and signs of disease were so accurate that many of them cannot be bettered at the present time. In this new translation from the original Greek, a classical scholar and a consulting physician have collaborated to supply the modern student of medicine with an accurate rendering of the masterpieces of the Greek school of medicine at Cos. It is only by pooling the knowledge of two such experts that the meaning of the Greek texts can be brought out.

The editors have produced a timely work, for modern medicine has now become overlaid with scientific technicalities and it is essential that medical men should again be reminded that their art begins with a careful and exact clinical observation of their patients. The indebtedness of modern medicine to science is immense, but medicine still remains an art, and an art of which Hippocrates was the greatest of its ancient exponents. It is impossible to read these lectures and aphorisms of his without being impressed by his greatness as an observer, a teacher and a writer. Unable to enlist the help of any pathological investigations for his guidance, he was compelled to rely only on his careful observation of the patient. 'The signs to watch for in acute diseases', he writes, 'are as follows. First study the patient's *facies*; whether it has a healthy look and in particular whether it be exactly as it normally is. If the patient's normal appearance is preserved, this is best; just as the more abnormal it is, the worse it is. The latter appearance may be described thus: the nose sharp, the eyes sunken, the temples fallen in, the ears cold and the colour of the face pale and dusky'. So accurate a description is this of a patient suffering from the severe toxæmia of a generalised peritonitis that it is always quoted in teaching present-day students.

This is undoubtedly the best concise account of the works of the Hippocratic school of medicine in existence.

The Incredible Defoe. By William Freeman. Herbert Jenkins. 15s.

Irony keeps company with Defoe. It was ironical that his own essay in irony, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, should land him in Newgate Gaol and the pillory in just the way it did; and perhaps still more so that he, of all men, should again be in trouble on the charge of writing *against* the Hanoverian Succession. It seems little less ironical that a writer with feet so firmly on the ground, who made *Crusoe's* incredible story more credible, more real, in a sense more historical than the actual experience of Selkirk, should become for posterity the incredible Defoe. His long life (he wrote in five, and possibly even in six reigns) was remarkable, as he so often let the world know, for its vicissitudes of fortune. We begin to call it incredible, presumably, when we contemplate his bibliography, nowadays accepted at over three hundred and fifty separate works, many of them short tracts but an impressive number considerable

volumes—and of these half a dozen first-rate books by any estimate, besides *Robinson Crusoe*. In addition there was, under Anne and the first George, his regular and irregular journalism, not to speak of commercial and political activities. It is the perfect journalist that arouses Mr. Freeman's chief enthusiasm, and by the time that he reaches the last decade or so which made the ageing writer the founder of realistic fiction he has little breath left for a considered appraisal of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, etc.

This is a difficulty which any who choose this engrossing subject have to face. Professor Sutherland's *Defoe* is still the best (a new edition is shortly expected from Methuen), but there also the great narratives appear almost as a postscript, such is the fascination of the man's career, his controversies and his conscience. Any new biographer, also, is tacitly expected to contribute his morsel of new research. Mr. Freeman can shed no fresh light on the mysterious last years, but he quotes some notes found in the Guildhall Library which may relate to *Robinson Crusoe*. These are offered us, alas, with no sort of reference, which is perhaps less excusable than the occasional inaccuracies which will find their way into books about Defoe.

The East European Revolution

By Hugh Seton-Watson.

Methuen. 22s. 6d.

The transformation of Eastern Europe over the last decade is not the least important of the great changes that have come over the political scene; and there has been a good deal of writing about different aspects of it, in this country. What we have lacked and what Mr. Seton-Watson has tried to give us in this packed and formidable volume, is a picture and an evaluation of the whole. For this, much has been required of the author—a summary of the pre-1938 picture, a description of war-time developments in the area, including the policies of the Great Powers and the tangled and controversial histories of the resistance movements, and finally a picture of the enthronement of Soviet domination, and of its political and economic consequences both for the area itself and for the rest of the world.

Mr. Seton-Watson is too modest when he describes his work as 'intermediate between journalism and history'. Only a pedantic definition would deny him the title of historian. What is true, of course, is that the work has some of the defects that must come to anyone trying to paint so rapidly, and on so large a canvas, a landscape of which the contours are changing while the artist works. When, as in this case, the author is a busy university teacher without the battery of research workers and technical aids that his American competitors in the field can usually command, these defects are liable to be magnified; but that is a reflection upon the organisation of our studies rather than upon Mr. Seton-Watson himself. As it is, the reader will notice some repetitiveness and an occasional omission—the Soviet policy towards the Straits is discussed, not the even more central question of Danubian policy—and will regret that Mr. Seton-Watson finds it unnecessary to give the initials of the authors mentioned in his bibliography, or the dates of their works. But these are trifles. What matters is that for those who can face fairly tough going—unfamiliar names and undigestible statistics—the reward will be worth while. This is not only the most important book on the subject we have had; it is also the best.

The reason probably is that Mr. Seton-Watson, despite the complexity of a story which covers all the seven 'Popular Democracies' as well as Greece, put in for contrast's sake, has a clear idea of what the whole thing amounts to and the clues to understanding it. His work on his earlier book prepared him for handling the great economic and demographic questions that underlay the social and political tensions of Eastern Europe before the war, and that still give the framework within which all policies must be judged. On the other hand, he admits that, in that work, he shared much of the ignorance and hence many of the generous illusions of his generation about Soviet Communism. Only those who understand communist theory and Soviet policy based on it, can appreciate what has happened, and is happening, in Eastern Europe. For although much of what the new regimes are trying to do is logical and correct, the fact that it is all subordinate to the Soviet Union's purposes and to its anti-Western obsessions, the fact that the human element is so largely ignored for the sake of 'social engineering', means that these regimes can only create new tensions themselves—tensions that the ubiquitous political police has (as Mr. Seton-Watson shrewdly points out) every interest to strengthen and where necessary, to discover. Such is one application of the class theory to totalitarian societies.

Mr. Seton-Watson's point of view is that of the new liberalism, differing from that of an earlier generation in its recognition of economic and social needs, but aware that the human personality comes first. He keeps his indignation, and rightly, for those writers in the West who see in these totalitarian regimes legitimate offshoots of the western democratic tradition, or who regard the lack of political freedom as something by which the masses are unaffected. 'No Western apologist for communism, nor any outside observer of any political complexion, has the right to decide whether the workers and peasants of Eastern Europe are capable of "appreciating freedom of thought".'

On the other hand, if Mr. Seton-Watson has no doubt about what is going on, he is equally unwilling to glamorise communism's opponents. He is aware of the dilemmas that Anglo-American policy faced during the war, and believes they were solved as well as they reasonably could have been. We were right to support Tito, and we were right to stop E.L.A.S. from bringing Greece too under the communist yoke. But this does not mean that we should regard with complacency the failure to provide some solution for Greece's intolerable problems, or applaud there a regime with so many obvious failings. He is aware finally, that nationalism along with religion remains the chief obstacle to further moral if not material conquests by communism. Nor is such nationalism necessarily ignoble: 'The East European nations have their backs to the wall. If the West cannot help them, it need not insult them'. Mr. Seton-Watson is necessarily tempted to finish by looking outwards upon a wider world scene where some of the East European phenomena are repeated on a larger scale. But there is another direction from which enlightenment must be sought. Mr. Seton-Watson's next book should be on the Soviet Union itself.

Newman at Oxford

By R. D. Middleton. Oxford. 21s.

The cult of J. H. Newman is insatiable, and Mr. Middleton has long been one of the most devoted priests at its shrine. He has made it his business to collect together every possible scrap of information about his hero, and has here sketched his career and spiritual progression down to the fateful day of his conversion to Rome. By far the greater portion of the book is a

restatement of printed and generally accessible material, but the author has been able to include several hitherto unpublished letters. He tells his story gracefully and attractively, and readers will find this a pleasant volume to browse over.

The setting is, of course, Oxford: from his admission to Trinity College as an undergraduate until his reception into the Roman Church at Littlemore, Newman practically never left the University city. Some of the most interesting, if least novel, passages consist of glimpses into the common room of Oriel College, pen-portraits of leading academic figures, and extracts from the letters of contending dons. But Mr. Middleton has also the more ambitious aim of tracing Newman's theological development. So he glances at the early religious influences, paints in the Oxford friendships, and describes how from the appeal to antiquity Newman passed to his conception of the Anglican *Via Media*, and thence stumbled on, by way of the Tracts, through a wilderness of misunderstanding and repudiation, until he reached the feet of Fr. Dominic.

He has carried out his task skilfully, with a sensitive pen; yet at the end it is hard to resist a twinge of disappointment. Not because the poignant story has been told before: it is worth repetition, and Mr. Middleton's narrative flows along with ease and freshness. Perhaps the reason is that the twentieth-century reader wants to get beneath the surface of these Victorian religious and ecclesiastical tensions, and Mr. Middleton, whose own religious outlook seems to coincide with that of Newman in his Anglican days, does not really disentangle the fundamental issues.

As Newman himself saw all too clearly, what was in effect at stake were the claims of ecclesiastical infallibility in face of the movement of knowledge which traditionalist churchmen dub 'liberalism'. Mr. Middleton seems to acquiesce in his hero's aversion to it: hence the inexpressible sadness he feels at Newman's break with the Church of England. Yet to appreciate the real tragedy one must have a far deeper understanding of, though not necessarily sympathy for, the liberal position. And if an Anglican is to deplore Newman's lapse, one must have a much more realistic doctrine of Anglican authority than is here suggested.

Confessions of a Poet. By Paul Verlaine.

Thames and Hudson. 10s. 6d.

Paul Valéry was once invited to unveil a memorial plaque on the house in Howland Street, Bloomsbury, which in 1872 had been the momentary lodging of Verlaine and Rimbaud. After delivering a short oration he disclosed the tasteful circle of Wedgwood blue, only to discover—such at least was his own account—that Verlaine alone had been commemorated. For reasons which his fellow-bard was all too quick to fathom, Rimbaud was omitted from the plaque. Whether this was a characteristic triumph of *le cant anglais*, or merely a calligraphical oversight, remains a question; but in any case it is certain that Time has reversed the L.C.C.'s judgment, and that it is Rimbaud, and not Verlaine, whose sojourn now gives the more lustre to this street.

There is, however, a certain injustice in this English neglect, for Verlaine's English poems (poems, that is to say, with an English setting) can vie with those of Mr. Betjeman in the accuracy and shrewd selection of their topographical detail. The black and yellow cottages of Paddington? The pacified suburbs through which flows the fog-bound and opaque canal? Pine-bordered and heathery Bournemouth? Those who remember these must be grateful to Verlaine, and in their gratitude will forgive the many poems in which a melodious imbecility has played into the hands of the anthologist.

Verlaine's prose has the virtues and defects of his poetry. When his eye is really on the object (as in the articles he wrote for the *Lorraine Artiste* in September 1892) the effect is one of the greatest intensity and poetic exactitude. When he recalls the polkas of the elder Musard, the ladies of Metz in their Kashmir shawls, and himself, the *insoucieux moutard*, exploring his native city at the age of five—then is he genuinely a poetic prosaist. His recollections of Sainte-Beuve, Banville and Leconte de Lisle are steadied by reverence and focused with the skill of a Sirois or a Nadar; and in the measured attention which he gives to the poems of L. Crammer Byng one can discern the seigniorial courtesy that distinguished him even in the lowest of his debauches. Much as, in the room in which he died, Verlaine had carefully painted his pen, his inkwell, and his wooden chair with the finest gold paint, so in these passages does the simplest impression seem gilded with the untarnished gold of a great stylist.

Not all the *Confessions* are of this quality. There is a good deal in this short book which is irrelevant, cursory, and dishonest. Verlaine's relations with Rimbaud, which were the most important thing in his life, are treated with almost scandalous nonchalance; and in the vast themes of drink, sensuality and marriage Verlaine displays an apparent candour which will not long deceive those who are familiar with the facts of his biography. It would, however, be fatuous to regard these notes (the work, after all, of a man very near to death) with the statistical eye of an income-tax collector. That the *Confessions* are inaccurate or mendacious does not detract from their interest; it may, in fact, be regarded as a form of assurance that, in these disconnected pages, we recapture the magical and discontinuous tone of his conversation. We sit before him; and even in an English translation we seem to enjoy his confidence. Of course it is an illusion; what seems shameless is really compact of an artful reticence; but, even so, the book is one of the curiosities of nineteenth-century literature, and in his Introduction Mr. Quennell has elegantly indicated the limitations of its uses as a biographical document.

John Milton, Englishman. By James Holly Hanford. Gollancz. 16s.

One has only to read Professor Hanford's short but pregnant introduction to realise that this long-pondered book epitomises a devoted study of Milton's life and work. The serious student, indeed, could have no better introduction to Milton the man. The title has to some critics seemed provocative. It is difficult to see why. When Milton was returning from his continental tour, he wrote in a friend's autograph book at Geneva, *Johannes Miltonius Anglus*, with the motto *Coelum non animum muto dum trans mare curro*—'I change my sky but not my mind when I cross the seas'. Has anyone ever doubted that Milton was a great and patriotic Englishman?

Milton is a poet much studied in America, and the Columbia Press edition of his works is, if not completely satisfactory, perhaps the most noteworthy example of this interest. Professor Hanford has devoted almost one scholar's life to him. He is the *doyen* of American scholars in this regard. His book will not please all students of the poet. That is no disadvantage, since it is a ripe book that takes cognisance of all the evidence. It will affront the 'pure' critic, and those who think that a poem can be reared and subjugated as though it existed in a vacuum.

Professor Hanford's purpose is 'to describe the individual John Milton in those aspects of his personality which relate most closely to his function as an English poet'. He relates Milton's poetry to his life, and his life to his poetry. He

finds the man in his poetry because 'as a poet he did not detach himself from his imaginative creation'. The advantage of reading Mr. Eliot's early criticisms had not been his. We have not here a poet detached from his experience. His articulateness, indeed, may hinder as well as help the process of understanding: 'His personality as a poet and even as an apologist in prose is something other than the real man, as he lived, a fellow creature with ourselves. Yet the two bear a relation to each other, and we are not without means of tracing the lineaments behind the mask'.

It is in this spirit that Professor Hanford pursues his enquiry into the processes of a creative personality. Such exploration is always dangerously personal. Milton's origins and

milieu, his life at school, Cambridge and Horton, his Italian Journey (particularly well-described), his striving for liberty, religious, political and personal, are set down with economy and skill. Though there are no footnotes quoting authority, and though the index is scrappy, it is evident that the author has taken everything into account. He urges, to show something of his argument, that 'Paradise Lost' demands interpretation as a record of Milton's inner life. This must centre in Satan, Adam, Eve, since God is only 'a kind of theory' and Christ is the foil of Satan and the instrument of his defeat. Professor Hanford agrees neither with Dryden nor Blake (nor Mr. C. S. Lewis) about Satan, who is 'Milton defying the authority both of external circumstances and of his own reason.

Christ is that reason—hateful, cold, relentless . . . the two represent the conflicts of a frustrated personality'. Whereas Adam is Milton in his daily comings and goings, Eve is 'Milton's extra rib, of concern to the powers above only as a means of testing his reactions'.

How far is it legitimate to equate a writer's own experiences with those of the characters in his creative work? Can Shakespeare be partly identified with Jaques or Hamlet or Brutus or Prospero? Such speculations are now usually frowned upon, yet Frank Harris' *The Man Shakespeare* is not a negligible book. And, with the right explorer, it would be refreshing to wander in such country and escape the incessant worrying of such platitudes as 'order' and 'degree'.

New Novels

The Assyrian. By William Saroyan. Faber. 10s. 6d.

The Hidden Faring. By N. Brysson Morrison. Hogarth. 9s. 6d.

The Mask and the Man. By Alan Thomas. Gollancz. 9s. 6d.

Captain's Beach. By Sigrid de Lima. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The Younger Sister. By Isobel Strachey. Cape. 10s. 6d.

LIKE a kite with too big a tail, Saroyan's new volume consists of a very short novel with a suite of ten long and short stories. All eleven of them, the author tells us in a preface, were 'written in the hope of being sold to magazines for big money'. Only two of them got it. Why they and not the others did so, neither author nor reader can tell. It is clear that, whatever his motives, Saroyan remains essentially an uncalculating writer, in all but the unconscious application of the term. 'I have not often written anything deliberately. I was generally impelled to write, and whatever it turned out to be, it was O.K. as far as I was concerned, because it was what I had been helpless not to write'.

He is still as helplessly readable, as lavish and slapdash an entertainer as he was. But the monotony under the variety shows up more. The happy resolution, the absurd, impossible success, turns up more than ever like the lost chord. In this collection it is only the short novel, *The Assyrian*, which, as the writer says, 'takes a real chance'. It is about a successful, thrice-divorced Assyrian-American writer, very much on his own in Lisbon. He is just turning fifty. His heart is bad. He gambles, he idles. He has a significant meeting with a member of his own dying race, a mysterious, wealthy oil-wizard. He has a nearly fatal heart-attack (they seem to be the thing in American fiction lately) and recovers just enough to escape by air. The prevailing uneasiness of the whole story is certainly a departure. But it doesn't arrive anywhere. It succeeds only in pulling the shape of the writing oddly askew. The author defines it as 'not an altogether safe story'. Even so it is too safe. They are all too safe—except perhaps for the writer. For him they seem to threaten a belated but inevitable choice between middle-age spread and growing up. The spectacle of Peter Pan growing up might be painful, but it could be fascinating too.

The Hidden Faring is written throughout with what seemed to me a constraint which it was not easy to account for. I decided in the end that it must be due to a continuous effort to avoid the suspicion of sentimentality. It was because of this sense of constraint that I could nowhere feel the effort of reading give way to spontaneous interest. Surely this world of crofters and lairds, dominies and poor boys of genius was brought into fiction long ago? It reappears in *The Hidden Faring* with no vital

changes. The book has the effect of a period piece written with a scruple which would be commendable but for the fact that it damps down invention. There are too many leaden echoes. The character of Bartle, the hero, is a carefully calculated *tour de force*. I found him in a quiet way consistently incredible. His sacrifice of a brilliant career because of an abortive love-affair is made into an implicit demand for admiration or sympathy which one reader was at a loss to supply.

The Mask and the Man is also a story of personal frustration, but of a different order and in a very different world. Title and opening promise the utmost in banality, but very soon a curiously stealthy authenticity begins to present itself in the case of Goderic Ralston. This is not after all a familiar fable in a slightly different form. It is the story of a very particular case which happens, ironically, to fit the fable, which is that of the man who could never find himself, and then . . . It is related in the terms of a narrator friend, a classic device which, worn as it is, carries complete conviction for the length of this short novel. We never lose the sense that this is Penderell speaking. The banalities, the prejudices are his. The meaning of the story emerges beyond his words, and the novelist never shows his hand.

We first meet Ralston as a highly official and important-looking portrait at a Royal Academy exhibition. We next meet him, thirty years earlier, as a charming, friendly, but oddly uncertain young man with a gift for mimicry. His friends like him and cannot make him out. He falls in love with a brilliant and self-possessed young woman who turns his uncertainty to misery. She tells him he is good for nothing because he does not know what he is or wants to be. What *that* is she cannot say; or perhaps he is—a poet? In crisis, he disappears from the view of his friends; and after a gap of years re-emerges as a tired, terse, and top-ranking civil servant, on the brink of the highest flight in his hierarchy. But certain ties of youth re-assert themselves, and pull him away—to the tragic instead of the ironic ending of his fable. This writer's narrative gift seems to be as complete as it is unobtrusive, so much so that one is tempted, wrongly no doubt, to imagine that it must be an unconscious knack. It is unusual for such a narrative gift to concern itself with a content which transcends the simple terms of its statement. It is unusual to meet a novel of any

kind which means rather more than it says.

Captain's Beach is set in a New York tenement, but it is not built to the cross-section pattern. It deals with the impacts of a 'roomer' on the family he lives with. Or rather the impacts are mutual and muddled. I have rarely read a book with so much uncertainty of approach. Sigrid de Lima's experiment varies from the dictaphone style ('Hey, whatsat?') 'I thought you was goin' home'. 'Huh, me, yeah. On my way, on my way I am'. 'Okay, get going'.) to the jabberwock which every fashionably serious writer used to practise twenty-odd years ago.

Taylor, he—simply escaped her again, what she was remembering about him; that was not he, but her, that is to say, hers, and this who, what. This is what . . . they—who? They are who. This is what. Is this? Who what who what who what . . .

Under all the fuss and pother there are certain dwelling impacts. The writer has a distinct and curious sense of the leering malignancy of accident, of the sinister influence of small, unadmitted acts—the killing of a spider, a bus lurching up on to a pavement. And she has a genuine power of imaginative projection. From this first novel it is impossible to tell what she could make of her gifts. They are clamorously in need of sorting out.

Captain's Beach is certainly remote from the demurely-feminine class to which *The Younger Sister* as certainly belongs. It is all written in the style of water-colour impressionism which has been rather more than quite the thing for rather too long. Miss Strachey's Rosina goes out shopping one lyric summer morning and meets an interesting, new young neighbour who takes her to see the house he has borrowed. In what seems to be a very few minutes they 'were lying squeezed together on the chaise longue . . . Presently they stole upstairs as if they had forgotten that there was nobody in the house but themselves'. Rosina's younger sister, when she hears of it all, is shocked, being a prude. But how can prudery or adultery matter when the male element, in spite of the presumably virile adjuncts of muscles, sun-tan and flannels, is so obviously lifted straight out of some imaginary shop-window? Had it come out at another season *The Younger Sister* would certainly have required a deck chair. Perhaps even a boat, a large size in cushions, and at least a pound of cherries.

DAVID PAUL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Paris Submerged

FEW THINGS IN THE WORLD are utterly irresponsible and inconsequential, and I have been wondering what is the real purpose of the Dolores Gray film series, 'Holiday in Paris'. Miss Gray is my favourite musical comedy actress. She is as pretty as anyone could desire any girl to be, and she has no trace of insipidity. On the contrary, she is a mass of energy, humour, and drive.

Now the impact of Paris on such a girl as Miss Gray might make some very interesting studies. Miss Gray comes out of the west, trailing behind her the gun and the ragged uniform of Annie Oakley, that redoubtable sharpshooter. To her robust nature and open-air vigour I can imagine that much of the grace and lightness and frivolity of Paris might seem namby-pamby stuff. It would be interesting to see this put into a film—the contrast between the energy of the Wild West and the sophistication of the East.

These 'Holiday in Paris' films, however, are not interested in this aspect of the matter. They deprive Miss Gray of all character. They wave her hair, and photograph her smiles, and dress her chicly, until she looks exactly like every one of those glittering, smiling, immemorable damsels one sees on the covers of glossy American magazines. These films have taken Miss Gray away, and put in her place a shining cipher.

Very well, then, is the motive behind 'Holiday in Paris' to show Paris itself to us? That would certainly be worth doing; to capture something of the spirit and grace of the most fascinating and civilised of European cities would be an achievement to applaud. Even the attempt at it, though a failure, would be commendable. No such attempt is made in these films. They take you to the Place Pigalle, or Montparnasse, or Fontainebleau or St.-Germain-des-Prés, and they show an occasional picture—a shot of the Café de Flore, for example—that is delightful. For a moment, Charles Trenet

sings enchantingly the Royal Polka, or Les Compagnons de la Chanson give us a few verses of 'Les yeux de ma mère, les yeux de ma fille'. All this is entrancing, but it is spoiled by a roaring American voice which yells at us that we are looking at the most wonderful, the most marvellous, the most sophisticated, the most celebrated city, artists, and singers in the universe. With that the tribute to Paris comes to an end. We go to a night club, or to a garden fête, and are there entertained by American dancers, singers, acrobats, doing noisily all the



A scene from Emery Bonett's television play, 'Face to Face', with, left to right, John Benson as Richard Beringer; Diana Dors as Angel; Sarah Lawson as Myrtle Beringer; Elizabeth Gray as Serena Pentonville; and John Gattrell as Vincent Graham.



Moirá Lister as Poppy and Robert Beatty as George in the televised version of *Joseph Proctor's Money*.

must get as quickly as possible to screaming and bebop?

The values that are ignored in 'Holiday in Paris' are implicit enough in Emery Bonett's 'Face to Face'. Into this play, Miss Bonett has put as many brains as go to the making of a dozen ordinary television entertainments. Into the story of a music-hall artist who tries to escape from poverty by marrying a rich old man she does not love, Miss Bonett, by introducing the mysterious character of an author who is perpetually writing, tries to introduce the philosophic notion that we all write our own parts in life. The moment when this becomes clear is an impressive one, it comes unexpectedly, and it creates a sharp effect. But for once Miss Bonett, who can tell a story as well as anyone alive, fails with her principal anecdote. The music-hall singer, Angel, and her elderly Bumble-Bee are, I am afraid, bores.

I was able to see only the first half of Alfred Shaughnessy's 'Release'; but that was enough to convince me that here was a respect-worthy work. Its foisting of the theme of 'The Silver Cord' on to the story of a young woman's problems when released from prison savoured a little of theatrical artificiality; but Mr. Shaughnessy approaches his play with tact, dignity, seriousness, and insight, and these are considerable qualities. Miss Margaret Leighton was the released criminal; and again, as in 'The Cocktail Party', she showed what an enormous advance she has taken during the last year towards becoming one of our most moving as well as one of our prettiest actresses.

The least pretentious, and perhaps the most entertaining, of the television plays I have seen recently was Rex Rienits' very clever adaptation of W. H. Lane Crauford's novel, *Joseph Proctor's Money*. Robert Beatty's performance, quiet and guarded, of the suspected man, as the police questioned him closer and closer, was fascinating to watch. And the hateful, selfish, pleasure-loving wife of Miss Moirá Lister was also excellently done. On thinking the matter over, the change



Scene from the televised version of 'Release', showing the Bailey family, with, left to right (seated): Julien Mitchell as Jim; Grace Arnold as Winnie; Margaret Leighton as Catherine; and (standing) Ray Jackson as Johnny.

things that are common form in American musicals, Paris is forgotten; it is submerged under an irresistible wave of Americanism.

What is the reason for this? Is it because these films are intended for American audiences, who will not be pacified unless the whole world is shown to be like America? Or is it simply that the makers of the film cannot believe, in their heart of hearts, that any civilisation has value except the American; and that wherever one starts one

in personality which this play involves becomes incredible; but in performance it does not for a moment lose the viewer's interest.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

Housewives' Voice

THE HOUSEWIFE IS CERTAINLY something real, not a mere abstraction as one might suppose from those illustrations of her rolling her eyes and uttering exclamation marks about soap substitutes which figure so prominently in the popular press. She is real. She constantly pops up to disconcert with meaningless questions those little bands of know-alls who litter the air. But she is not really a menace, unless the B.B.C., like Frankenstein, chooses to make her one. Then it will be too late, and cries against the monstrous regiment will die on the sightless air. Speaking as what I suppose ought to be called a non-housewife, I must say I smell a good deal of appeasement of this species in the wind. Housewife this, housewife that. Even if they make up ninety per cent. of the listening public they can hardly want to have themselves so persistently 'plugged'.

Things reached a head on Saturday when we had for the umpteenth time Dodie Smith's 'Dear Octopus' which one is not surprised to learn is the most popular play ever broadcast in 'Saturday-Night Theatre', since it is the epitome of the cosy family piece and what most listeners like to think of themselves as being: the upper circle peeping at itself through rose-coloured spectacles. But the *matinée* . . . called 'Mom'! I cannot pretend to have been disarmed by a play which described itself as 'homely'. There are sterner adjectives which could be applied to this porridge of false sentiment, ill-read scripts, stage-slum voices and all the rest. And now may we have a close season for Mum and start appeasing Dad or Sonny or even (seeing the way the world is going) The Boys once more? By this I don't mean that we need redouble the dose of Strindbergian fury, or what Oscar Wilde's Miss Prism would have described as his 'woman-thropy'. I merely ask for fair do's.

Of three plays famous in their way I enjoyed most 'The Calendar' which was appropriately racy, whereas 'The Alchemist' as one might have foretold lost half its pace when one could not see it. The adaptation was good, the performance spirited, but Jonson is hard enough (in my view) to follow on the stage, let alone by ear exclusively. On the other hand 'Sir Martin Marr-All', Dryden's version of 'L'Etourdi', came up surprisingly well in an admirable production with only a few overloaded accents; quite a number of scenes sounded genuinely funny. One would like to see it acted, though that is said in no spirit of contempt for the performance we overheard.

Two big features have—what is the word?—stood out on the map recently. One was Norman Corwin's 'Document A/777'. I yield to no one in my admiration for this American's radiogenic talent. He had a difficult job and was anxious perhaps not to be portentous. Hence the elaborate and successful 'sell' of the opening scenes. But it all became something of a bore before the end nevertheless. The illustrations, so simplified and improving, grew suspect. And then there was too much of them. To illustrate the subjection of women, did we have to have so much of old Capulet and his new-world Juliet with her cries of 'Is there no piddie sidding in the clouds'?

We have had only a half of Leslie Bailey's Great Exhibition programme. No doubt a historian could have picked holes in the hour-long picture of Victorian London on Sunday night.

But then no picture could perhaps be wholly true and this at any rate did suggest some of the gusto and generosity of the time. I got sick of those abstractions, the Victorian Miss and her fond Papa, cleverly though the actors characterised them, and there was a generally rather tiresome Christmas-card viewpoint. But all in all it was a lively and enjoyable sound picture, with a good deal of sense, feeling and imagination. It was well produced by Howard Agg and like one of Frith's canvasses was full to bursting with lively detail.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Listening Without Tears

IT SOMETIMES SEEMS TO ME, as I present myself punctually for my daily dose of listening, that I am back in the schoolroom. There I sit at the mercy of whatever my governess, the old lady of Broadcasting House, may choose to put across on me. She has her good weeks and her bad weeks and so have I. Last week, thanks no doubt to the fortunate conjunction of certain planets, was a good week for both of us. In our history lessons on Monday and Wednesday she excelled herself; we gave each other high marks for English literature (Wednesday and Thursday), a subject in which she has her ups and downs, and she was so sharp-witted and eloquent in dealing with current affairs ('Britain's Role in the World', a 'Taking Stock' programme) that I all but forgot that it was lesson-time. Even Nature and the Countryside (Monday and Wednesday), on which she sometimes inclines towards the sentimental, found her, last week, in fine feather.

It had not occurred to me that our brightness and youth were so far behind us that 'The Twenties' had already settled down into history; but there, on Wednesday, was Noel Annan sizing them up in an introductory talk entitled 'The End of the *Ancien Régime*', in which he pointed out how Mrs. Sidney Webb by her sociological analysis seemed to relieve the individual of responsibility, how the philosophy of G. E. Moore exploded Victorian ethics, how Freud and his theories on sex abolished sin. It was a masterly dissection performed with all the bravura of a skilled surgeon. The series will consist of seven talks, in the last of which Mr. Annan will again be the speaker.

Robert Jordan's inquiry into 'Parliamentary Gothic' was history of a different kind. He exposed, learnedly and humorously the causes, sociological and aesthetic, of our pseudo-Gothic Houses of Parliament, and cast a disapproving eye on the twentieth-century equally pseudo-Gothic of the new House of Commons completed last year. It was an admirable talk, and how easily it might have been otherwise, for this is a theme which would infallibly invite a dull speaker to show us, to our cost, what he could do.

English literature, in our last week's curriculum, included a recording of readings, with comments, from his own poetry by T. S. Eliot. He is an impressive reader and it was especially interesting to hear the poet's treatment of the rhythms and *tempi* of his own verse. Under the same heading Muriel Spark gave an interesting talk on Mary Shelley's two novels *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* in which she compared them with Wells' imaginative romances. Mrs. Shelley's prognostication of forty-eight-hour balloon journeys to Scotland is not, perhaps, a very striking pre-view of the aeroplane, but her prophecy that the Royal Family would change its name to Windsor was an uncanny bull's-eye.

Ralph Whitlock on the subject of the countryside and country activities is always a delightful talker. His natural style and unaffected delivery

seem to be proof against the seductions of that sophisticated creature the microphone. He has a feeling for words which enables him to hit on the simplest, yet aptest, to convey his relish of country sights, sounds and sensations. On 'The Craftsman in the Wood' he was as good as ever.

'Bordeaux Vintage' arose from a journey taken by André Simon as tutor and Wynford Vaughan Thomas as pupil and initiate through the vineyards of Médoc, St. Emilion and Sauterne last October. From M. Simon, as from the horse's mouth, we learned of the nature and special qualities of the wines of each district, while Mr. Thomas, looking dutifully on the wine when it was both red and white, was audibly and lyrically shaken in his allegiance to Burgundy. The programme carried realism even to the unbearably tantalising point of broadcasting the chuckle of wine poured from bottle to glass.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Viva Verdi!

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of Verdi's death finds his popularity undimmed and his reputation in the musical world much brightened. As Francis Toye observed in his admirable commemorative talk, Verdi was not recognised in England as a great composer at the time of his death, except by a few rare men like Stanford. The impact of Wagner's genius had so bemused the musical public, that they had no ears for anything else. It would be true to say that Verdi was hardly rated as high as Sullivan, who had pre-deceased him by two months and who had at least composed, besides opera, a number of quite serious 'masses and fugues and ops.' Even in 1934 a scholar so little under the glamour of Wagner as Professor Dent could assert that 'Nabucco' and 'Macbeth' 'can hardly become anything more than museum pieces'.

But today the B.B.C.'s programmes treat the occasion as one of serious moment. Besides Mr. Toye's talk, there were performances of the 'Pezzi Sacri', the two larger ones being given twice, and of 'Don Carlos', while 'Music Magazine' devoted a whole number to Verdi, and a selection of his music, including some that is rarely to be heard, was presented by Stanford Robinson on the Sunday afternoon. And the first thing that must have struck the attentive listener was the fundamental identity of all Verdi's music from first to last. Underneath the changing style and the extraordinary growth of both technical mastery and of subtlety in its application, the skeleton of the music remains unchanged. To cite an instance, the triplets that give to the famous chorus, 'Va, pensiero', in 'Nabucco' its peculiar charm, can be heard adding a lilt to the rhythm in the 'Te Deum', the last big work he wrote, but in a context enriched with counterpoint quite beyond the powers of the composer more than fifty years earlier.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about Verdi is this continuous unfolding of his genius in extreme old age. At about eighty he was experimenting with an 'enigmatic scale', which he used in the little 'Ave Maria'. It was the kind of thing that was engaging the attention of young men like Debussy at the time, and of it Verdi made something fresh and charming. I had almost written that this intellectual curiosity, so surprising in the least intellectual of great composers, was unparalleled. But I am reminded by the performances last week of Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony that we have among us a close parallel, a composer who, approaching Verdi's age, shows no signs of 'settling down', but continues in each new major work his 'voyage of pleasant exploration', though what

he has found upon the deep waters has not always been 'pleasant'. Here, too, there is an all-through identity, most obvious in the firm basses upon which the music moves. They may be heard alike in the 'Tallis' Fantasia and even in that dim, ethereal last movement of the latest Symphony. Both these works, let me add, were given fine performances under Sir Malcolm Sargent, though wasn't the 'big tune' in the Symphony's first movement a little vulgarised at its first appearance?

The relay of 'Don Carlos' from Sadler's Wells was marred by a lack of balance between the voices and the orchestra, which too often sounded like a distant band off-stage. Now the orchestration in this work is half the battle, and the performance sounded twice as good in the theatre. The other half of the battle, given good singers, is the language. It is no criticism of the Austin-Tucker translation, which is admirable, to say that it does not, like the Italian, float the melody. It rather trips it up and so

sounds stilted, and it inevitably substitutes vowels which do not match the music. I have evolved a translation of 'Ella giammai m'amo' (Never shall I now know how I may gain her love), which (inelegantly enough) gives the same vowels on the important syllables and soft or liquid consonants at the right points. But try to go on, and you will see just how impossible is this side of the translator's task, when dealing with a whole libretto!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Lord Berners: a Miniaturist in Music

By COLIN MASON

Programmes of Berners' music will be broadcast at 6.35 p.m. on Friday, February 16, and at 8.0 p.m. on Sunday, February 18 (both Third)

LORD BERNERS was always a miniaturist, and the miniaturist in music has never been so fortunate as his counterpart in literature or the other arts. This is true even of writers of songs, which are essentially miniatures. Schubert comes to mind as a composer whose reputation and popularity might have been achieved on his songs alone, but it is really questionable whether, without the great instrumental works, he would be any more highly regarded today by the general public than Hugo Wolf, who is generally acknowledged to be a comparable song-writer, but whose larger works are too few to have brought him much into general concert life. The instrumental miniaturist is still harder done by, and his achievement is usually recognised by an even smaller minority of connoisseurs. With the exception of Chopin, there is no composer since the rise of the sonata who has successfully established a firm claim (even in Chopin's case sometimes overlooked) both to greatness, by any aesthetic criterion, and to public popularity, solely on the strength of small-scale instrumental works.

Yet the significance of the miniature in music is indisputable. In an earlier age the forms of instrumental music were all small, from dance movements to fugues. And even with the growth of the cult of the colossal during the nineteenth-century composers often expressed significant musical ideas in small pieces: Beethoven's Bagatelles, for instance, and many of the piano pieces of Brahms, Liszt, and Schumann, who even went so far as to pronounce the sonata form exhausted. In our own century the tendency became even more marked, and some of the most revolutionary devices of the epoch were first set down by Debussy and Bartók in miniatures for the piano. The grandiose, the rhetorical, the bombastic had fallen temporarily out of fashion, and size was no longer the criterion of significance.

Berners, born in 1883, belonged to this generation, and in his early attention to the miniature he was thus merely following the trend of his age. It became apparent later that this decline of the sonata was only temporary, a period of refertilisation, and most of the important composers of that generation later began to apply their idiomatic innovations and new means of expression to traditional or modified sonata forms. Berners too, after the early nineteen-twenties, turned his attention to larger works, all for the stage, but these were still sequences of miniatures rather than large-scale formal designs. They are, however, the works by which he is best known to the public, since the four ballets which form the total output of the last twenty-five years of his career have all been performed in London. The last two of them, 'The Wedding

Bouquet' and 'Cupid and Psyche', still crop up from time to time in the Sadler's Wells repertory, and the music for the first, 'The Triumph of Neptune', has frequently been played in concert form. These deserve to be Berners' best-known works, for there is no doubt that in ballet he found the *métier* that offered the happiest outlet for his musical personality and exposed fewest of his limitations. The harmonic style is much simpler than in the earlier works, the tunes are more direct, and the whole is perfectly devised for modern ballet-pantomime, where something rather like incidental music is required, not to suggest or complement choreographic patterns on the stage, but to accompany scenes in which the dancing itself is rather the means of telling the story than a self-sufficient aesthetic object.

Much of this music is pastiche, and all of it is unpretentiously charming. But it is not the most significant of Berners' music, if that is a word that can be applied to any of it. Nor, although Berners probably enjoyed writing it more, and felt it more spontaneously than any of his other music, does it show most clearly the diversity of his talent. For this one must look to the early miniatures, from which most of the pieces in the commemorative programmes have been selected. They show him as a kind of English Satie, keeping up with the *avant garde*, using the most advanced harmonic methods for humorous ends. Humour in music is difficult to put over, and unless it is fairly obvious, even coarse, and partly literary, it usually defeats itself by its own subtlety. Mozart's 'Musical Joke', possibly the purest of all examples of humour in music, is funny only when wrong notes make the point clear. The rest might almost equally well be third-rate 'serious' music by one of Mozart's inferior contemporaries.

Berners suffers in the same way. Are we, for instance, meant to take seriously the 'Fragments Psychologiques'? Or are they a subtle parody of the German expressionist manner? The titles ('Hatred', 'Laughter', 'A Sigh') do not help us much here, as they do in, say, the 'Three Little Funeral Marches'. Again, although the satiric aim of the 'Valse bourgeoises' is clear enough, are they sufficiently funny all the way through? In their fear of coming too near the original, they seem now and then to stray too far away, and unintentionally become independent pieces, inviting a judgment in their own right which they do not well bear. Or what are we to think of 'Du bist wie eine Blume', a setting of a poem by Heine reputed to be addressed to a white pig? Berners' explanation gives the clue to the ironic intention of the song, but there is little enough irony in the music, which, as Berners puts it, 'preserves the sentimental character of the German *Lied*' so

well that it becomes quite genuinely touching.

Whatever the degree of success or failure of the humour of these pieces, the variety and quality of Berners' musical accomplishment is indisputable. Nothing seems beyond him. There are songs in the German, the French, and the English manner; a 'Fantaisie espagnole'—quite one of the most delightful of all essays in a style that has attracted innumerable composers; an imitation of the Chinese manner, in the first of the 'Three Orchestral Pieces'; and even a 'Caprice Peruvien', from the opera 'Le Carrosse du Saint Sacrement'. Then, in addition to the 'Valse bourgeoises', which parody various nineteenth-century types, he has the 'Valse sentimentale' from the 'Three Orchestral Pieces' which is in the modern Viennese expressionist manner.

Was there, one wonders, a Berners manner? Paradoxical as it seems, the total suggestion of all these pieces is that he was at heart a rather German sentimentalist, a suggestion certainly borne out later in such episodes as 'Cloudland' and 'The Frozen Forest' from 'The Triumph of Neptune'. This does not mean that the cultivation of advanced musical trends and various national styles in the early works was a pose. They were rather intended, perhaps, to hide this natural sentimentality. Berners did not want, and was not trying, to be a significant modern composer. He was a dilettante in the best sense, in that music was not his profession, nor the art that he felt most deeply and cultivated to the exclusion of all others—as it must be for a composer who is to shape the history of music—but rather one of several accomplishments that he liked to practise for enjoyment's sake. Not that there was anything dilettantish in his technique. Although mainly self-taught, he had a ready grasp of the artifices of music that many more earnest composers might have envied, and his workmanship was always impeccably professional. And although his works will occupy a very minor position in the history of the music of our time, when they were written they attracted the attention of masters far greater than himself. For us today they are like cocktails—not satisfying for those hungry for the big things in music, but very pleasant occasionally for the musically well-fed.

The Historical Association has published an excellent and stimulating pamphlet by Professor Geoffrey Barraclough on *The Medieval Empire: Idea and Reality* (1s. 6d.). The idea, he says, 'developed and took shape in response to specific external stimuli and to particular momentary constellations of events, and what emerges is something which no man ever planned and probably no man ever desired'. The shades of Bryce and Giercke thus vanish beneath the electric arc lamps which have replaced the Victorian gas jet.



Ocean crossroads

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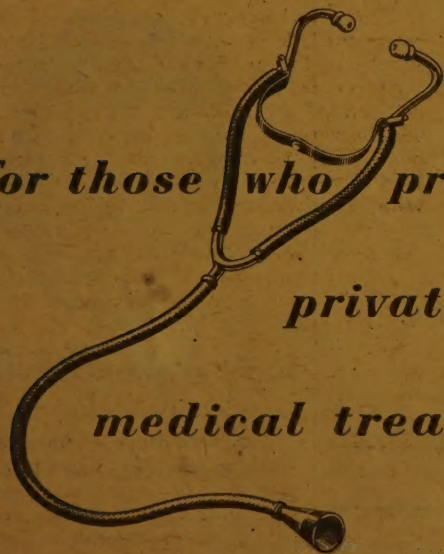
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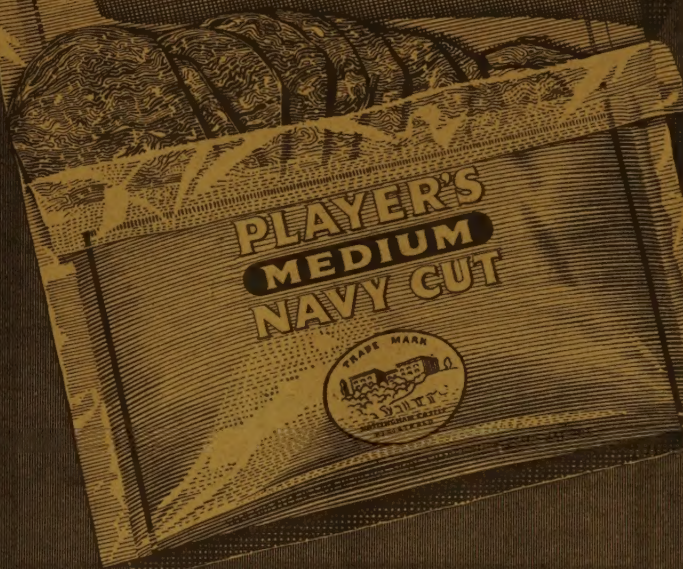
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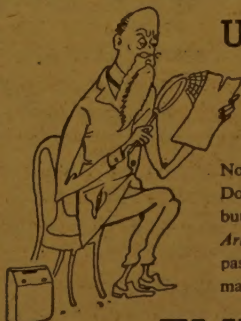
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Advice for the Housewife

APPETISING CABBAGE

CABBAGE CAN BE one of the nicest and one of the nastiest of all vegetables—it all depends on the cooking. Shred it finely with a very sharp knife. For the actual cooking, I believe in the conservative method—very quick boiling in very little salted water for a very little time, so as to conserve all the goodness of the cabbage and incidentally all the colour too.

Time: not more than 6 minutes with the lid tightly on. Water: not quite half way up the cabbage. It should boil merrily rather than fiercely: and when it is half done—that is after about three minutes—I turn the whole thing over with two wooden spoons and then replace the lid.

Strain the cabbage well and serve at once with a dab of margarine.

RUTH DREW

Cabbage can be a very pleasant main dish if you add one or two little things. One of my favourite ways of serving it is called Russian Cabbage. While your cabbage is cooking, fry some chopped onion and a grated apple—a sweet dessert apple if possible. When the cabbage is done, toss it in with your fried mixture. Then add a few drops of vinegar or better still lemon—and counteract that by adding 1 teaspoon of sugar. I like also 1 teaspoon of spice with it, but that is not necessary.

A protein that goes very well with cabbage is cheese. Everyone knows cauliflower au gratin with cheese sauce, but not everyone knows cabbage au gratin, which is delicious. Even with just a little grated cheese sprinkled on the top and put under the grill for a moment or two, it

becomes a tasty dish. Here is a recipe sent by my sister who lives in Norway: cabbage with caraway seeds. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream—that is top of the milk or perhaps evaporated milk—and as many caraway seeds as you like: I put in about one good teaspoon.

I like raw cabbage shredded very finely with a few raisins, chopped celery, a little lemon juice and milk put in alternately—and grated apple. Add seasoning and a good pinch of sugar. This is really the American 'cole slaw'.

MARGUERITE PATTEN

FISH COOKED IN CIDER

This recipe is for casserole of fish, cooked in cider. Cider is about 1s. 6d. a quart so the quantity used here costs about 1s. The dish makes a substantial meal for four people. And you do not need the most expensive kinds of fish. Here are the ingredients:

- 2 lb. of cod or fresh haddock
- 4 bacon rinds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mushrooms (this is not necessary)
- 1 small onion
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of sweet cider
- dripping
- 1 heaped tablespoon of flour
- salt and pepper

Cut the fish into fairly large pieces and place in a saucepan with the cider. Bring slowly to the boil, and simmer for about 5 minutes. Remove the fish from the cider, take off the black skin and place the fish in a casserole. Fry the rinds in dripping and add the finely cut onion and mushrooms. Remove the rinds and blend 1 heaped tablespoon of flour into the contents of the pan. When thoroughly blended pour enough

cider from the saucepan into the pan to make a consistency of thick cream, and stir over fairly high gas. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Pour the contents of the frying-pan over the fish in the casserole, cover with the lid and place in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. This is a useful recipe, as it can be prepared one day for cooking in the oven the next.

HECTOR LEAKE

Some of Our Contributors

L. R. MURAY (page 203): Central European correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*

SIR GEORGE THOMSON (page 206): Professor of Physics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology since 1930; Scientific Adviser to the British Delegation to the Atomic Energy Commission of the U.N., 1946-47; Scientific Adviser to the Air Ministry, 1943-44; Nobel Prize for Physics, 1937

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E. N. DA C. ANDRADE (page 215): Director in the Royal Institution; Resident Professor and Director of Davy Faraday Research Laboratory

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Crossword No. 1,084. Wheels Within. By Trochos

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 15

Outer circle (clockwise, from 1): quotation from poem.
Second circle (if marked *): mixed letters of the poem's title.
Third circle (clockwise, from 1): author of the poem.
Inner circle (clockwise, from 33): near this the poem ends.
Answers to Clues (1 to 48), each of five letters, run from circumference to centre. All except No. 8 are mixed.



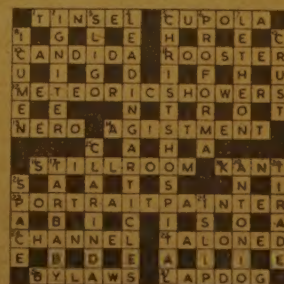
CLUES

1. 'Si quadringentis sex septem millia desunt, — eris'
2. 'Lord, I confess too, when I dine. The — is thine'
3. 'Is the torrent in —? He must ford it or swim'
4. 'The man of wealth and pride Takes up a — that many poor supplied'
5. 'Eschew evil and do good: seek peace and — it'
6. 'My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains My —'
7. 'What strength can he to your designs oppose, Naked of friends, and round — with foes?'
8. 'You hope, because you're old and —, To find in the furry civic robe ease?'
9. 'O — pulchra filia pulchrior'
10. 'I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia — is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow'
11. 'Whoever wakes in England Finds, some morning, un—'
12. 'Could I embody and unbosom now That which is most within me, could I — My thoughts upon expression?'
13. 'She lived unknown and few could know When Lucy —d to be'
14. 'Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For dainties are all —'
15. 'Butting through the — in the mad March days' (But not north, not north!)
16. 'The silver lamp burns dead and dim, But — the lamp will trim' (Without the pieces of shirt!)
17. 'Come, for the third, Laertes; you but —'
18. 'The youth who — further from the East'
19. 'Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell Your — hearts shall glow'
20. 'Who wickedly is wise or — brave. Is but the more a fool'
21. 'And when his juicy —s failed, Sliced carrot pleased him well'
22. 'Let me, if not by birth, have — by wit'
23. 'A hill there is, a little to the north, And to its purpledicular top a narrow way — forth'
24. 'All thy garments smell of myrrh, —, and cassia'
25. 'If ever I did dream Of such a matter, — me'
26. 'We sailed against the Spaniard with his —s of plate and gold'
27. 'Nor ever yet had —r fought a fight Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west'
28. 'O blatant Magazines, regard me — As some rare little rose' ('E's gone!')
29. 'The — swims around him; he is gone'
30. 'But might I of Jove's — sip' (A hundred short.)
31. 'All that else does horror breed About them flew and fled their sayles with —'

32. 'Alike for those who for TODAY prepare And those that — a TOMORROW stare'
33. 'The robe that wraps his limbs in silken — Has robbed the neighbouring fields'
34. 'Dear little souls, In nice clean faces and nice white —s'
35. 'Lonely and spectral and sombre and —'
36. 'Afar the Royal Standard flies, And round it — and bleeds and dies Our Caledonian pride'
37. 'Mighty Earth, — In vesper low or joyous orison, — still its solemn voice'
38. 'Attend all ye who — hear', (O no!)
39. 'Or as a thief — In at the window climbs or o'er the —'
40. 'And thrice and four times tugged again, Ere he wrenched out the —'
41. 'Like a fierce potion, drunk by chance, Which — a sick man from the feathered pall'
42. 'Thee bright-haired — long of yore To solitary Saturn bore'
43. 'But now the — uprears thy bed And low thou lies'
44. 'And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is displaced, This: Gules upon argent, a Boh's Head —d'
45. 'With all his crimes broad blown, as flush —'
46. 'The lady has donned her mantle and hood. She is bound for shrift at St. — Rood'
47. 'Brushing with — steps the dews away'
48. 'It was on the terrible earthquake-day That the Deacon finished his one-hoss —'. (Plural.)

Solution of No. 1,082

Prizewinners: A. Blackburn (Leeds); E. T. Caddy (Newport, Mon.); A. T. Hill (Berkhamsted); A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield); Miss E. Leyland (Nuneaton)



NOTES

3D. At the mouth of the Sligo river. 3D. The Bluecoat School at Horsham. 8D. Cuckoo Song c. 1250. 9D. Kissing crust. 11A. 'Plantation Proverbs' by Harris. 13A. 'King Lear' III, 6. 15D. Name from the 'Faerie Queene' used by Mrs. Agnes Maclellan. Burns signed himself 'Sylvander'. 17D. 'Uncle Remus', Chap. II. 19D. 'Oh, oh, Antonio'. 21D. Sonnet 44 (Bray 36, and he has 'limits for regions'). 26A. Jolly boat = yawl.

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